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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TWO.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

I am the footstalk, and she is the flower;
I am the lattice, and she is the vine;
My heart's a thirsty waste, here is the shower
Bringing refreshment and gladness to mine.

She is a sculptured dome, I the harsh granite;
She is the virgin gold, I the rough ore;
She is a perfect and beautiful planet,
I am the nebulous chaos of yore.

She is a living form, I am the marble
Which 'neath the chisel may image her charms;
My music breathes of art, here is the warble
Borne up to heaven in the morning's blue calms.

Her mind, a polished gem, needs no attrition;
Mine is rough, shapeless, as won from the soil;
She, by a natural and easy transition
Grows to the grace which I reach but by toil.

Mine is a grace acquired, hers was born with her;
Mine is a studied charm, hers is her own;
She looks down on the world, I look up thither;
I stand with thousands, but she stands alone.

I am the canvas, whereon may be painted
Shapes of strange beauty, conceptions sublime;
She a rare picture, pure, beautiful, sainted,
Sketched by the Master to live for all time.

She is a spring, I the rock which stands by it;
She is a calm, bright sky, I am the sea,
Mirroring softly its deep starry quiet—
This is the difference in my love and me.

A YOUNG GIRL'S LETTERS.

BY MADAME OTTILIE WILDERMUTH.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

FIRST LETTER.

My Very Dear Julia:—

My sadness will scarcely allow me to take up the pen, when I think how many mountains and valleys separate us, and how long, how very long it will be, before we can hope to see each other! Thou, far from me! Thou, who understandest me so well, who canst read the deepest feelings of my soul! And yet, there are friendly hearts around me; I have Clara and Ida here, merry Henrietta and Irene, who are all my intimate acquaintances; but to none of them can I unveil every fold of my heart, as I can to thee! But of what use is complaint?

Of myself and of our present life I have but little to tell you; things go on as usual; at eight o'clock, my piano-forte practice; at nine, the Italian lesson—you know that I have finished French and English; at ten, my lesson in harmony (you know, too, that a knowledge of harmony is now necessary to every good pianist).

At school, I am still in the classes of astronomy, natural philosophy, and the theory of cooking; and I take private lessons in drawing and singing, from Almorini. It is painful for me to think that these lessons are so frightfully dear for mamma, but she tells me that it is capital for the future. I do not know how it is, but we need so many things, that it is impossible to save money; and we always have to wait for funds before commencing new purchases, that we talk a great deal of beforehand! My poor mother is forever calculating, and she is very glad when she can clearly account for what is spent; but the clearest and most certain thing of all, is, that no money ever remains!

This dear mother, who was brought up in elegance and luxury, now uses up her last resources to enable us to live, in future, by means of those arts and talents that were the amusement of her youth!

But I hope to obtain a brilliant position as teacher, at last; and then my mother will have a happier life again. I am now attending lectures on teaching; I can scarcely wait for the moment when the formation of youthful souls will be confided to me; I should prefer, above all things, the education of a princess, and then the grain planted by me in her tender soul, would become a tree, whose branches, laden with precious fruit, would extend over a vast kingdom. This is a childish dream, but it is a divine one! If you had only been at church last Sunday! Nothing could have been finer than Mr. Lambert's sermon! He spoke of the battle and triumph of the Christian; what answers to the most sublime questions of our hearts! I took notes, intending to copy them out for you in the evening; but "Don Juan" was given, and although mamma was a little unwilling to venture the expense, she was so convinced that it was necessary to my musical education for me to hear it, that she decided we should go; La Nina sang divinely, incomparably! Unfortunately, my notes from the sermon got rubbed out, as I had only written them in pencil; another time I will make a better use of my opportunities.

I will attend to your bonnet, darling, as soon as mine is finished; they will be exactly alike: mine will be exquisite; white, with a scarlet camelia and velvet leaves at the side; the flower makes it quite expensive, but mamma thinks that it is the truest economy to take good things at once—and she is right, for the ears of corn that I bought last year still look like new, and when wreaths return into fashion, I can wear them again. But I have nearly got to the end of my paper, and have still so many things to say! Mamma scolds because I sit so much, and the doctor fears a decline, and orders exercise. Exercise in the castle park, whose leaves I know by heart, from those stupid orange trees at the entrance, to the tiresome mythological statues at the outlet!

A decline! Why not? Should I be the first flower that has faded before the end of spring?

Ah, my darling, you will never forget me! And if I must depart young, I shall always be near you in the murmur of the cypress that will overshadow my tomb!

But I must leave you, dear heart! it is six o'clock; this evening our little French circle meets, and you know that I like to drink my tea warm!

Adieu, happy friend! thou canst rest in the bosom of nature. Mamma unites with me in kindest love. In haste,

Thy faithful friend Fanny.

P. S.—If you have not yet commenced your collar, give it up; they wear nothing but little frills now.

SECOND LETTER.

Listen, and you will be very much astonished, my dear; this is the last letter you will receive, dated from the dead walls of the capital: I am going to the country,—think, dearest, to the country! And it has happened in quite a wonderful manner. My mother and I hardly knew that my father had an uncle, owner of an estate in the country, Heaven knew where, for my father and he had not seen each other for long years. I fancy that he did not altogether approve of my father's marriage.

At last this uncle comes here on business, for the first time *since the days of Olim*, and takes a notion into his head to make friends with the widow and the children of his nephew.

He is an excellent man, this uncle; a little—odd, for I will not say—rustic; but such as people become in the country—rather material. He cannot find any better way of expressing his affection for my mother than by surprising the kitchen with all sorts of good things; now it is a flagon of old wine, then sausages; sometimes he pulls a hare out of his own pocket. But the wish to be agreeable is there, and he has made me very happy by inviting me to pass as long a period as I wish at his country house; "Niece, let me have this languishing young lady; if she will come and look for them among us, I will send her back to you with fine red cheeks; besides, it will do her no harm to come and see how corn grows, and to learn that we do not draw milk from a fountain as you do in town!"

This was quite fortunate for mamma; she has been tormenting herself, endeavoring to form plans for a visit to the country for me. As for me!—I was ready to cry out in delight,

Oh, lovely nature, so full of grace!
Let me, oh, let me, thy pathways trace!

My uncle left immediately. I shall go tomorrow, as soon as I have finished the necessary arrangements for my simple country excursion.

Kind mamma! she has sacrificed her wedding ornaments, in order to have me properly fitted out; and she wished to reserve her jewels as a bridal gift for me! Bridal jewels for me! Poor mother! she does not know that her child has buried her dreams long ago, and that she goes forth resignedly towards a solitary future, that she will embellish with the flowers of poetry and friendship.

Everything is ready and packed up. In two trunks, three boxes, a band-box, a travelling bag, and a satchel, everything is nicely arranged—not counting the parcel which I carry in my hand. The guitar; 'twas *he* who tuned it again! It is a good deal of baggage, but I could not leave any of my dresses behind, even my muslin robe; I hid that at the bottom of my trunk, lest they should think I am fond of worldly pleasures; but I hope to wear it at some rural dance. I took a great many simple and useful dresses, as I am to learn housekeeping. I had to buy twelve kitchen aprons, twelve pairs of under sleeves, a charming little pair of sabots, (wooden shoes,)—and mamma, who foresees everything, has even added a water-proof dress that seems scarcely required by the ordinary events of country life. Of what use will it be? I do not know! In case of an inundation, when I, traversing the rushing waves in a little boat, might save the lives of my fellow beings! Then I had to take my library; the childish stories that will gather the village children about me. And my poets; the treasured favorites that I have already read! How sweet it will be to dream over them under the shade of the limes with their whispering leaves! and my French, English, Italian books! and my music! *He* selected some new songs, and of course I *had* to purchase them!

My garden hat is lovely, and very simple; extremely large, it undulates like the waves of the sea, and has broad floating ribbons of azure blue.

Do not fancy, dear friend, that country occupations appear laborious to me! On the contrary, I shall rejoice to gather the hens, joyfully chuckling, about me in the morning, and to scatter upon them a shower of golden grain! What a charming task it will be to milk the cows and to make butter! It is a pity that mamma would not allow me to buy (in the new bazaar for articles in carved wood) a ravishing cup, finely worked, and a delicious little butter pot; it would have made a good impression on my aunt; to see me so well prepared for country life.

And now I have one thing more to tell you, and for the first, and perhaps the last time, I will confess to you the sad, sweet secret of my heart, a secret that has never yet been revealed, but that you have long divined. I part from the life of towns, but I do not part from him!

"His lofty and noble stature,
His proud and gentle features,
His gracious smile,
And the power of his eyes!"

Oh, it is painful!—I must tell you that he spoke twice to me, and I once to him, during the last singing lesson, when I mustered courage to tell him that I was going, and to ask his advice as to the songs I wished to take with me.

He did not perceive that my voice trembled! We remained cold and distant towards each other. He was only the professor, I merely the scholar. Ah! it is better that I should go, and never see him again!

"Still thine endless course pursue,
Star of fate, through yonder blue!"

I once dreamed—dreamed that I—ah, these words tremble in falling from my pen—that I should be his! What happiness in such a future! I know that he is as poor as I am, but that is just what makes it divine, for thus we could have offered each other a mutual sacrifice! He has talent, and how I could have worked! I would have given lessons all day, and would have worked again at night! and always for him! We would have taken mamma with us, and would have made her so happy! and as a reward for all my trouble, he would have given me a smile (do you not remember his finely cut mouth, framed with such a beautiful black beard?) oh, I should have been richly, richly repaid! But that was not to be;

"If his bright glances rested not on me,
If ne'er on earth my soul be understood,—
I pardon him! My heart, sad, lone, subdued,
Must yield unto the laws of destiny!"

You will soon return to the capital, dear Julia. In the singing class, think of

Your resigned friend, Fanny.

P. S. Pray send me Thomas-a-Kempis, and your large blue ribbon for my guitar. You shall have my rose-colored one in exchange; I think that the hat and guitar ribbon should be alike. My next letter will be dated from Stauffenberg. What a romantic name! I already fancy I see my uncle's little castle, with its old turrets; no doubt I shall inhabit a little cell, formerly intended for prisoners; oh! that will be the least bit alarming!

THIRD LETTER.

Stauffenberg.

I have got here safely, my dear, and am later about writing to you than I had intended! Although everything is very different from what I imagined, it is not without a certain rustic charm—oh, very rustic! I arrived last Friday; uncle's carriage came to meet me at the post-house; such an odd carriage! It is painted green, and has no regular door; you have to jump over into it. An old servant in a green cloak filled the place of coachman; the horses were harnessed like field horses; all was perfectly clean, but I must confess that I was delighted that no one met us belonging to the town. I tried to make friends with my uncle's old servant by addressing a few kind words to him, but he began to swear in a very coarse manner on account of my heavy baggage, to which, besides what I told you of, I had added a box of music and my guitar case; I should have been very angry with him, but that he nearly made me laugh when I heard him say, in popular German, "As to this violin case, the young lady can easily take it on her knees!" He continued to grumble; at last everything was placed on the carriage, but he took so little precaution, that I was continually in mortal anguish lest my poor trunks should be upset and broken by the jolting of the carriage on the road.

We arrived at last. Oh, Julia, the chateau is quite different from what I had imagined! It is not a chateau, indeed; it has no turrets, and is not situated on a mountain; it is simply a large, long house with a great many windows; a few volutes at the porch, and leaden dolphins on the spouts, are its only ornaments. It stands in the middle of vast plains, with only cultivated fields and a garden about it; however, on one side we have a view of a green forest. Ah, my darling, in such a monotonous landscape there is not one site to which I can become attached!

My great-uncle and aunt received me at the door with perfect cordiality; I was glad that I already knew something of my uncle, for my great-aunt is a little dry; she is oldish, and can never have been pretty; she dresses simply, but in good taste, and her gray dress looked so fresh, that I have only just found out that it has been made over several times.

I thought my uncle would die of laughing when he saw my baggage; when I showed him the folding-chair in carved wood, which my young companions gave me to use on my country excursions, my box of paints, and several other things of the kind, I could not stop my uncle's hilarity; the servant girl who stood by, looked with the greatest respect on these objects, so novel to her, but the old coachman laughed like his master, until the tears came into his eyes.

A young man, who had not at all the air of, although no better dressed than a peasant, quickly and easily lifted up a trunk and a pair of boxes, and carried them into the house; thus my baggage was brought in little by little, my aunt made tea for me, and I soon felt quite at ease, although so differently from what I had expected. Why? Really I do not know very well why, myself!

The young man is my own cousin, although he does not look like it; he is my great-uncle's grandson, and his parents are no longer living. He would be quite passable if he were not so rustic; and, fancy! I can scarcely write it, (and you must be sure not to tell anybody!) only fancy, he is called Tobias; there is a countryfied name! but you will be sure to keep it to yourself, will you not? If any of our companions knew that I have a cousin called Tobias!

I have a very pretty little room, but it does not frighten me in the least. I am not yet quite settled, but shall be by-and-by. My aunt is very good to me.

And you are in the capital! and we might have been together!

"Calm thee, heart, oh, still thy pain!
When love lies, what joys remain?"

Remember me a thousand times to our friends—and when you enter the singing-class think of me while gazing on those deep black eyes in which my joys lie buried! But say nothing of me to him, not even the least word. Alas! I dare not even speak to him in dreams!

Adieu! think of Thy Fanny.

P. S. If you see anything new in aprons pray let me know. Here they walk out in aprons.

FOURTH LETTER.

Things appear very agreeably here, although so very different from what I had imagined. But is it not ever thus in life?

The situation of Stauffenberg is very cheerful; the garden, indeed, is extremely monotonous, but my aunt has given me permission to plant as many flowers in it as I like. As soon as I have put my things in order, I intend to profit by her permission; but, as you can fancy, it will take me some time to unpack and arrange every thing that I brought with me; and it is very difficult to procure the right kind of irons to iron out my dresses, &c. I get on but slowly with my work; I have commenced embroidering a collar and sleeves for a morning dress, and you know what time they will take! By daylight, I am making a curtain for the window recess in my little room, to embellish it a little; so that I have enough to do all day, and but little time for music and foreign languages.

My uncle seems to know a little about music. One day he came back from the fields, where he always goes to superintend; it was towards evening,—we were assembled in the sitting room. "Play something for us, little niece," he asked. I told him that I had not yet unpacked my volumes and portfolios. "What!" he cried, "do you not know anything by heart? play us at least a march, a waltz; I am very fond of such little things." I told him that I only played sonatas, variations, pieces by the great masters, and that my professor did not wish me to learn anything by heart. You should have seen my uncle's anger: "What!" he cried, "you do not know anything by heart? Where is the use of spending so much money for you to learn, if it does not enable you to play a single piece that has any common sense in it?" It was a long time before my aunt succeeded in calming him.

As to my cousin, I see him very seldom. In the morning he is always busied in the fields, or with useful occupations of some kind; he does not stay much with us in the afternoon; but in the evening, after dinner, he often reads, and I confess that these readings fatigue me; he nearly always takes biographies or dissertations on agriculture, and, on Sunday, chapters from the Bible. What a strange choice for a young man! If it was even a book of meditations! but the Bible! see what comes of being called Tobias!

As to the housekeeping that I intended to learn, I have not yet commenced. They burst into a chorus of laughter, when I asked if I should milk the cows, and when I regretted not having brought my pretty carved cup; "That is the stable servant's business," said my aunt; and, indeed, when I had once entered the cow-house, I had no desire to make a second visit, and my cousin, that cold Tobias! nearly cried with laughter when he saw me hold my scented handkerchief to my

ASHBY GAP, VIRGINIA.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post from the *Illustrated News*, represents a column of Federal troops at Ashby's Gap, returning from a reconnoissance towards Winchester.

nose. I tried to make some butter, but I could not hold the heavy churn-staff. When I get up, the fowls have already eaten their corn, and are wandering in the meadows before the mansion. I do not get on any better in the kitchen; my aunt does almost everything herself, and sends the servants to assist in the fields;—and the saucepans are so immensely heavy! besides, I do not like to take off my mittens, for I should soon have frightful hands; I think I shall do better by-and-by, and so I told my aunt that I would first put my things in order up-stairs. She laughed, and told me to do exactly as I pleased.

My great-aunt is a singular personage; a little dry, and she does not speak much; she moves about very slowly, and makes no noise; but one would think that a little gnome assisted her in all she undertook, for everything is exactly as it should be; in the house she wears list shoes,—they usually render the step heavy and dragging, but she walks as lightly as possible; her dress always looks new, and when she has finished in the kitchen, she puts on, for dinner, a cap and collarette of spotless white, bordered with an exquisite lace; nothing can be neater or fresher, although it is not fashionable.

My uncle and aunt do not seem to talk much together; but it is touching to see how careful of, how constantly occupied with him she is! He has the highest confidence in her: "Ask my wife," he says, in a thousand matters where strangers have to do with him; and when the neighboring ladies are visiting us, and talking about household affairs, one is sure to hear my uncle say: "You have only to take my wife's advice, she has an excellent method in these things." He is always very good and kind to me, although I see well that he does not think much of me, because I do not resemble his wife. But every season has its own value.

It is funny to see how my good uncle forces me to eat, and I do not know how to escape; he makes me swallow enormous pieces of meat, and large sausages; I need to accustom myself to such very rustic fare. My aunt has often slyly relieved me of a heavy plateful, the very sight of which terrified me. But take all in all, I am very happy here, and it is not merely the effort of a heart, resigned to a tearful smile, that enables me to write happy letters to mamma,

"Lonely, lowly, I complain,
Every silent tear concealing,
For I know that ne'er again
Shine such days of dreamful feeling!"

Oh, sweetest memory!

"Dost thou recollect the voice
That enchanted thee and me,
Bringing from the geni-world,
Wild and wondrous melody?"

Darling! I understand thee!—"*One heart, one soul, the same love!*"—And a hopeless sorrow; thus are we united for eternity.

I have not formed any friendships here. The ladies who come to see my aunt, talk about soap, hemp, cotton, fruit, lighting, confectionary,—as if one's life depended on such things; and the few young girls whom I see, are rustic and insipid creatures, without any character or consequence.

But my letter will soon become a volume! Good-night. Adieu dear, do not forget

Thy FANNY.

FIFTH LETTER.

Our household is not so destitute of mystery and interest as I supposed; I have made a valuable discovery, and hasten to communicate it to you; it reminds me of the story of "the rose of the bush."

Our house is large, and the chambers up stairs are nearly all uninhabited; but in a garret that looks on the garden, I had seen a light at times, and yet I knew that none of the servants slept there; this seemed already quite a mystery, and I was determined not to ask the reason, for it is delightful to have a riddle to decipher! But one evening, seeing the light again, I determined to find out the reason of it.

"The tender maid ascendeth
Alone, the darksome height,
And finds the lamp that sendeth
Abroad its feeble light!"

With a beating heart and a trembling hand, I turned the lock,—the door opened,—and I saw:—

A little fairy with gray hair, who was certainly not spinning (as she should have been,) but sewing. I was so surprised, that when she perceived that some one was in the room, and turned her eyes, with their sparkling spectacles, towards me, I ran off, screaming all the way down the staircase until I got to the kitchen, where my aunt turned an astonished face towards me.

"Oh, aunt, what a strange little fairy I have discovered?"

"And where, little goose?"

"Very high up, in a garret under the roof; she sits by a lamp and sews."

"But, little silly," said my aunt, laughing, "that is only Annamreile, our old seamstress!"

"But why have I never heard you speak of her, aunt; and why does she sit up there, all alone, and never come down stairs?"

"Because she used to inhabit that garret when my mother-in-law first took her into service, and she does not care to come down, because it is difficult for her to ascend so many stairs again; to-morrow you shall take her some new hemp to spin, and then you will see that she is neither fairy nor gnome."

They laughed a great deal about my marvellous discovery; the next morning, I ascended to the garret at an early hour, and found out everything; Annamreile is not a fairy, but an old maid, nearly eighty years old; she wears spectacles that seem to have grown with her nose, and can still see to do the finest work, by night or day; I wish I could make a portrait of her as she burns the end of her thread at the lamp, before threading her needle! She sits from morning until evening on an old, round ottoman with three feet, covered with faded blue cloth; a pin-cushion before her, stuck full of broken needles, to which she has given sealing-wax heads; at her feet, an old gray cat; on her left hand, a basket full of linen that needs mending; on her right, another basket, in which she arranges the linen when repaired. Every day of her life she sits thus, in her garret room, close to the window, on the sill of which stands a rosemary bush and a pot of pinks. Her meals are brought to her, and if she chatters a little at those hours, the rest of the day she neither sees nor speaks to anyone. My aunt makes her a little occasional visit towards evening, and seems to be very fond of her. This discovery was quite a convenient one for me. My morning robe had been torn in the garden, and my afternoon dress had got soiled in the kitchen, and mending is not one of my passions! Above all, it would kill me to darn my stockings, and so I have already taken everything to Annamreile, who mends beautifully.

I have formed a sort of friendship with her; on rainy days, I always gossip with her for an hour or so, although the air is not very fresh in her simple room. But it is pleasant to sacrifice one's self for the good of others, and my visits are certainly sunbeams in her solitary existence. Besides (but this is a great secret, my darling,) I shall never feel altogether at home in this house; I feel that I am not understood by these good people.

"My language and my sorrows are foreign to them!"

My uncle is truly an excellent man; with his little black velvet cap surmounting his gray locks, he is always contented, always in a good humor. But his jokes sometimes wound my feelings. What vexes me most of all, is, that he wishes Tobias and me to thee and thou each other,—and it is impossible for me to do so! My aunt also is certainly very kind, but she is far too active; I do not see of what use her servants are, for she does everything herself. When I am in the arbor with my work, it is really painful to me to see her hurrying about and fatiguing herself; sometimes I fancy that she does it as an example for me; I have tried to assist her on several occasions, and she always gives me something to do when I ask her. But if I do a little fine washing, I get my stockings so frightfully wet! and if I work in the garden—my white sleeves are soiled with the earth directly! Then I remember my waterproof dress, and I tell my aunt that I will try it. But as soon as I have finished changing my dress, (and very often there is no one to hook it!) my aunt has finished her work, and I have put on that heavy thing to no purpose.

My cousin is my antipathy; he has quiet eyes, with which he follows one's movements without thinking of anything; at least, I do not believe that he thinks of anything! and his insipid gray eyes do not at all resemble "those two suns of kings, sparkling as diamonds," like certain eyes. But Tobias's eyes are very annoying, nevertheless, for he allows himself to make an observation every now and then.

Lately, when uncle asked me to bring him some soup, he said: "Oh, no, Fanny would ruin her gloves; that is a grandmother's business." What affair is it of his, if I work or not? besides, I am not idle; I have already embroidered my dress, and have commenced a morning cap for my aunt's birth day, although I am far from having finished my other things.

Every time that I attempt to converse seriously with Tobias, I am repulsed by some contretemps; he does not speak, and has not even studied French, the first element of a refined education.

I took down Heydt's book, "A Woman's Word," lately, that I had packed up in my little library, with the intention of reading it. Tobias does not read badly, and the book obtained more praise from him than I expected; as to my uncle, he went to sleep two or three times, and afterwards declared that he had heard nothing except that it was something about a very violent woman.

"Neither is Irmengarde my ideal of a woman," said I.

"Will you be so kind as to describe your ideal to us, Fanny?" asked Tobias.

"I would rather hear the description of yours," I answered; for I did not think it necessary to unveil to their profane eyes the visionary image of a woman, uniting gentleness and devotion to the loftiest type of mind, such as floats before my soul.

"My ideal?" said he; "you need not seek far to find it; my grandmother is my ideal." My aunt had just left the room, for she always has some occupations to call her away.

"Of course," I said, with a slight feeling of irritation and ill-humor, for which I was afterwards sorry, "the good housekeeper is the type that pleases you the best; the more she spins, washes, plants, and sews, the more perfect she is!"

"It is not only because my grandmother spins, sews, busies herself in the kitchen, and does many other things that you are ignorant of, my little cousin," said Tobias, in a voice of meaning, "that she is my ideal! but because she does all she can to make others happy, because she performs her duty with a quiet heart under the eye of God, and that on earth she does not forget Heaven! And, to tell you in a few words, whom I consider the best of women,—it is she, who is most perfectly devoted to her duties, whatever they may be."

I cannot tell how the calm Tobias came to make so long a speech, or I to feel so much emotion that it was almost with tears that I said: "And a woman's talent,—her manners, her education, of course you reject these, even when she seeks to perfect herself, with serious aims?" (Such injustice really carried me out of myself!)

"Not at all," he replied very quietly; "they please me very much, when they do not injure attention to every day duties; it may be also a duty to perfect one's talents; but she who cannot learn to forget herself, will never be successful or happy, either as a teacher or a housekeeper."

My great-aunt came back, and uncle cried out: "It was time for you to come, for these two are ready to tear each other's hair! See how red Fanny is, because Tobias is not on his knees before young girls who speak four languages, and understand astronomy!"

I left the room in the greatest agitation; and yet I cannot conceive how a man, so little distinguished as Tobias, could enrage me so! But, up to the present moment, I think continually of this adventure! Good night now, my darling! you understand me, if all the rest of the world leaves me unappreciated. Adieu!

Do not forget No. 9 of the Journal of Fashion.

SIXTH LETTER.

We have rain continually; you cannot imagine, dear, how tiresome such days are in the country, and yet they scarcely seem to notice it. My aunt has begun to have all the rooms put in order, although nothing needs arranging, and not a grain of dust is to be seen anywhere; but she says that everything is in a dreadful state, and now she is in the midst of a fearful chaos of skeins of wool, bundles of cloth, and Heaven knows what else! I escaped, after having attempted to offer my services. But my aunt is enchanted, and when she leaves the *hall of torment* to enter the dining-room, she declares that it does her good to look over all her riches occasionally; sometimes she has found an old coverlet that was formerly a holiday dress belonging to her grandmother, and then it is a worm-eaten wig that was once worn by her dear grandpapa, or a piece of linen spun by her aunt in her seventh year. Certainly these may be pleasures to her,—but if my wealth consisted in such stupid old things, I should be too delighted never to set eyes on them. She has made me a present of a large parcel of spun yarn to make some chemises for my mother; she is really very affectionate towards me; I cannot understand how I have become so intimate with her.

As to my uncle, he is studying a venerable folio, "The prudent and wise master of the house." I can understand that he likes it; but it is marvellous to me how Tobias can hear it read with pleasure, or that he can look at its old-fashioned prints. Tobias is deeply plunged in the work of drawing a plan of the estate. And, amid these prosaic occupations, thy poor Fanny is alone,

"Lone as a corpse in the tomb;
Lone, as in Heav'n's pure blue,
A cloud, charged with storm and gloom,
That hangeth the long day through!"

Thy poor Fanny is alone with her silent tears and her sweet recollections.

"Feeling, beneath the mask, a burning heart."

This line is perhaps rather strong, but it is not bad as an abstraction. But I am still very angry with Tobias; perhaps I ought to have pardoned his injustice towards me?

But, to accuse me of egotism! What, am I an egotist? I, whose dearest wish is to render the future happy for my mother's sake? But is it not our lot on earth to be misunderstood?

But that Tobias is for ever offending me. We had some visitors here lately from the neighboring town: the wife of an administrator, and her sister; the bailiff's wife, with her daughter. You cannot imagine how tiresome these two ladies are. I took refuge in the arbor with an Italian book. Oh, delicious harmony! Lo and behold, cousin Tobias makes his appearance; "There are visitors in the drawing-room, little cousin," said he, with the voice and air of a true school-master. "I know it," I answered carelessly. "And they know that you are here," replied he, "and they will think it strange that you are sitting alone in the garden." I answered with some irritation, "I do not think it necessary to lose my time with people who do not understand me, and where there is nothing instructive or agreeable to be gained." I could not tell him that women like those in the drawing-room, who can talk of nothing but their children, their linen, and equally vulgar things, are really insupportable to a sensitive and delicate person! "Do you really think so?" said he. "Matilda, one of those ladies, has supported and taken care of her parents with the most tender zeal for several years; Sophie, the bailiff's daughter, is the oldest of twelve children, and her mother's right hand; I do not think your time would be lost in their society." "Pray do not lose yours any longer with me, cousin," I said rather maliciously, "pray go and find your ideal." He looked at me in a singular manner, and went away slowly; as he went, he said, "It would have been more amiable, however, to assist my grandmother in receiving her guests." This was true; it was a great oversight on my part; I did not think of it before, but there was no occasion for him to tell it to me in such a manner. I would have gone willingly then; but he would have thought that it was on account of his remarks, and I did not wish him to think so. My aunt entered the garden with her guests; I approached them, a little confused; I even gathered a bouquet of flowers for the young girls. My floriculture is still in theory; perhaps you could send me some slips of moss-rose, and some tulips; and ask the gardener for some camelia seeds. The young girls are not so very bad; but they are very much behindhand in many things; one of them wore, instead of a mantilla, a shawl with three corners! and of course there could be no attempt at conversation on the fine arts!

I have grown quite fond of old Annamreile; on rainy days, I take my work, and sit with her, and she gradually becomes communicative. Her memory fails her with regard to recent events; she does not quite recollect who I am or where I come from, and sometimes calls me Bertha (the name of a long deceased sister of my uncle), and sometimes Rosalie (my grandmother's name); she lives in bygone days, and only speaks of long past years. I will soon write to you what she has told me of the family, for I take notes every evening; I have given up my own journal, and do not know when I shall recommence with it; what is there to write about here?

Adieu, and always love Thy FANNY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN AFFECTING BALLAD.

A correspondent sends us the following ballad, for whose "truthfulness" at least, he vouches. He says—"The incidents were related to the writer some years since on the spot of their occurrence, and the cottage in which the heroine resided was pointed out to him." It certainly is a very affecting narrative—and we think our readers will almost have tears in their eyes before they are through it.

MARY BELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the banks of Holston river,
Where its waters gently glide,
Where the moonbeams love to quiver
In its calm and limpid tide,

Dwelt a bright and joyous creature,
Free from pride, devoid of art,
Blest in mind, in form and feature,
Clear in head and kind in heart.

And the maiden had a lover,
Fate of fair ones everywhere,
Not beneath her nor above her,
But of equal worth the pair.

So they said, but ah! how darkened
Is the vista of life's way!
You will think so when you've hearkened
To the sequel of my lay.

We'll designate the youthful lovers,
As Mary Bell and Peter Leidy;
(Feign'd names of course, and used as covers
To conceal the bona-fide.)

Let no one doubt my facts; as free
As I received them I deliver;
I tell the tale as told to me,
On the banks of the Holston river.

Many arts her life had taught her,
One, to scull the frail canoe;
And as she skim'd the glassy water,
'Twas a stirring sight to view.

When summer suns were fierce and glaring
She would seek the river's side;
Plunging in with heedless daring,
Thrusting right and left the tide.

Now the swain, when o'er he sought her,
Found a foe to intervene,
For the Holston's bridgeless water
Rolled in jealous spite between.

The Hellespont is wider, grander,
A mile or so from brim to brim,
But our youth was no Leander,
And had never learnt to swim.

But when did locks or rivers ever
Trusty guards o'er lovers prove?
Vain the Holston's weak endeavor
Thus to check the course of love.

He comes each ev'ning to the landing,
And sends across a shrill halloo!
When she the signal understanding,
Flies with speed to her canoe.

With form erect, her oar blade taking,
Pushing off the pearly sands,
With vig'rous twirls the waters shaking,
She makes the point where Peter stands.

Takes him in and homewards starting,
Lands him safe with modest air,
Then when comes the hour of parting,
Sculls him back and leaves him there.

Whoever heard of such strange wooing!
Ladies, I've just a word to say,
If you such game should be pursuing,
Pray *skull* them in another way.

One fatal eve, the faithful Mary
Had brought her lov'd one safely o'er;
'Twas fortune's spite or fate's vagary,
That she should do so nevermore!

The hours flow by, as they will ever,
Waiting not for lovers' speech;
Soon the time when they must sever,
On the river's farther beach.

To the boat they go together,
Chatting on in mirthful glee,
She, fond creature, wondering whether
There lived woman blest as she.

He steps in, she follows tripping,
He takes his seat, and she her oar,
Then from the stern the light blade dipping,
She heads for Holston's farther shore.

The youth disports himself by leaning
O'er the little vessel's side,
Which true to nature's law, careening,
Sends him headlong in the tide.

As swift as is the lightning's flashing,
Mary springs into the wave,
With rapid strokes the waters dashing,
Resolved to perish or to save.

With one firm hand she grasps her lover,
With the other fights for life;
Two lives indeed are poised, and hover,
O'er the issue of the strife.

God has implanted in weak woman
A power, which used for good or ill,
No force can crush not superhuman,
The power of a determined will.

The waves are vanquished! Mary breathless
Bears him exhausted to the shore.
Say when have deeds whose fame is deathless
Deserved historic honor more?

Her thoughts are raised to Heaven, and grateful
She bows a silent worshipper,
Whilst he the ingrate, vile and hateful,
Has no thanks for God or her.

Unmanly pride his bosom wringing,
He strides away, with no farewell,
She turns, and in the water springing,
Strikes for home! Poor Mary Bell!

From that hour the recreant lover
Ne'er to those fearful waters came;
He lost what he could ne'er recover,
He gained instead the brand of shame.

But what her feelings—what her anguish!
None knew, for she would never tell;
But she was not the girl to languish,
And then die. Brave Mary Bell!

J. P. M.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEM'R 6, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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INTERVENTION.

We have all along been of the opinion that the American Union had more to fear from the attempts at intervention of France—or, rather, of Louis Napoleon, who carries that professedly high-spirited nation in his breeches pocket—than from the rulers of England. The recent correspondence of the French Minister of State with Russia and Great Britain proves the correctness of this opinion. Disguised as is the bitter proposition in sugar, every true-hearted American knows exactly what the French Emperor means, if he means anything that is practical and sensible. Even the rebels themselves—if we may trust the accuracy of the report of General Pemberton's speech in the south-west, and the response of his army—cannot disguise their natural abhorrence as Americans, of any attempt of the European powers to interfere in a quarrel, which, whatever may be its merits or demerits, is certainly none of their business.

We have seen it stated that public sentiment is growing more favorable to the Union cause in England—thanks to Bright and Cobden and Professor Cairnes and Mr. Mills, and other noble and generous minds. Judging from a recent article in the *London Times* relative to Louis Napoleon's proposition, we are greatly encouraged to hope that this is the case. The *Times* says:—

It is simply a proposition made by France, and not yet backed by any other power. *La France* thinks that "the Cabinets of London and St. Petersburg will have great difficulty in justifying to the public opinion of the world a refusal to join in the proposed enterprise." How that may be we need not now argue, for the contingency has not yet occurred; but when it is further remarked that if Mr. Lincoln should refuse the armistice, "the mediating powers would thenceforward have the right to consult only their own interests," we see in this French proposition not only mediation, but intervention, and forcible removal of blockade and war.

"We are convinced that the present is not the moment for these strong measures. There is now great reason to hope that by means of their own internal action the Americans may themselves settle their own affairs even sooner than Europe could settle them for them. We have waited so long that it would be unpardonable in us to lose the merit of our self-denial at such a moment as this. *The proposition of an armistice would be just now so manifestly an act of favoritism to the South, and of hostility to the North*, that even the Democratic party could not fail to exclaim against it. As to our own work-people, we fear that if the Southern ports were opened to-morrow the cotton manufactures would not immediately revive. There is a winter yet, which must be tided over by the aid of the more fortunate members of our community. But even were this otherwise, *we quite agree with Mr. Cobden that it would be cheaper to keep all Lancashire on turtle and venison than to plunge into a desperate war with the Northern states of America, even with all Europe at our back.* In a good cause, and as a necessity forced upon us in defence of our honor, or of our rightful interests, we are as ready to fight as we ever were; but we do not see our duty or our interest in going blindfolded into an adventure such as this. *We very much doubt, moreover, whether, if Virginia belonged to France as Canada belongs to England, the Emperor of the French would be so active in beating up for recruits in this American mediation league.*"

The American people have been foolishly inconsistent in their admiration of that shrewd and unprincipled, but by no means, in our opinion, truly great and wise ruler, Louis Napoleon. They may see now the native lineaments of the man. In the American question, as in the cases of Mexico and Italy, selfishness will be found to lie at the base of all his actions. With high words of generosity and benevolence on his lips, he is at heart always bent upon his own ambitious and selfish ends. But the American people—even in this hour of distress and agony—fear him not.

NEWSPAPERS.

The following is well put:—

A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if of a good brand, is considered well worth the money. It is drank in a minute or two; it fires the brain, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sideboard upon which this delicious beverage is served, lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million of types; it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn; but it is no less strange than true, there is a large portion of the community who think corn juice cheap, and the newspaper dear.

Yes, it is true, and not only strange, but disgraceful. To think how very cheap the daily and weekly newspapers are, and yet how some mean souls perpetually grudge the little they have to pay for them—while squandering ten times as much on articles not only useless, but positively hurtful, like whiskey and tobacco—often makes us think very contemptuously of human nature. If the price of daily papers should be raised to five cents a sheet—as we see it stated one of the leading New York publishers advocates—we are by no means certain that it would not be a good thing for the community. Newspapers, magazines, and good books are all so cheap now, that, like other cheap things, they are not properly valued. They are glanced at, and thrown aside, as if they were not the very marvels of the age—the highest exponents of the intellectual culture, the moral sentiment, and the mechanical ingenuity of the nineteenth century.

GENERAL WOOL.

In a card recently published, Gen. Wool denied that he was responsible for the appointment of Col. Miles to the command of Harper's Ferry, and was rather sarcastic upon the investigating commission for making such an assertion—and yet we see the following extracts given as from Gen. Wool's own testimony before the military commission in question:—

"He (Col. Miles) seemed to be very zealous at the time, and determined to do everything. But I am inclined to think he was overwhelmed with his duties, and perhaps had not military capacity to embrace so important a command as that. *But he was the best officer I had.*"

Again, on page 20:—

"By the Judge Advocate. Question—You were personally acquainted with Col. Miles? Answer—Yes, sir. Question—What is your judgment as to his capacity for such a command? Answer—I did not think he had the capacity to embrace so large a command as he had then. But he appeared to be very zealous, and he was one of the best officers I had. *Indeed he was the only one I could place there—the only regular officer.* I do not know that I had one that would have answered his purpose, unless it was General Morris, who commanded at Fort Henry. I have always considered the surrender a disgraceful one; one that ought not to have been made without awaiting an assault."

"The best officer *I* had"—"the only one *I* could place there"—such is given as General *Wool's sworn testimony before the commission.* The public need another card from General Wool.

THE QUAKER DIALECT.

The critic of "*The Press*" says of one of Bayard Taylor's poems:—

The poem entitled "The Quaker Widow" commences with "Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah"—which, as the very worst kind of bad English, Mr. Taylor ought not have put into any decent woman's mouth. Very few of the Society of Friends thus abuse their mother tongue.

"*The Press*" is not so well acquainted as Mr. Taylor is with the Quaker dialect. Instead of "very few" of the Friends thus abusing their mother tongue, very few in this portion of the Union speak differently. It is curious that having abandoned the use of *you* to a single person as ungrammatical, the Friends should have fallen so generally into even a greater violation of good English. "How does thee do," "How is thee," are almost universal modes of salutation among the Friends of Pennsylvania. Occasionally only do we hear a *Friend* say, "How dost thou do," "How art thou." It is probable that the harshness of the sound of *thou*, has had much to do with the common use of the word *you*, and the Quaker use of the word *thee*, in its place.

CANNOT GET MARRIED.

There are a rebel gentleman and lady in Paris, who are exceedingly desirous of being united in matrimonial bonds, but find no legal mode of having it done, save by invoking the aid of the recognized consular authorities of the Federal Union. The Paris correspondent of the Washington Intelligencer, says that the distressed lovers waited upon the Chaplain of the British Embassy to explain to him their hard case, but were informed that though they might go through the ceremony as a matter of conscience, it could have no legal or binding effect in their own country, and that the only place in Paris or any other foreign capital where they could be really and truly "spliced" was the office of the Consul of the United States. To this the parties in question made a Southern grimace, and must therefore, it seems, be content to remain in single blessedness until their "love of union gives a stimulant to their loyalty."

THE STAFFORD PROJECTILE.

This must be a terrible instrument of destruction, if the following, by the Washington correspondent of the *Inquirer*, be correct. He says:—

The inventor of the Stafford Projectile is here exhibiting a number of iron boiler plates, fastened together, six inches thick, through which a ball has been fired *from a rifle*, which has passed through all but the last plate, and in it made a dent.

This is evidently going to create a new era in warfare. Think of a shower of *rifle balls* penetrating the *New Merrimac*, or raining through the turret of the *Monitor!*

A shot of this description fired from a fifteen inch gun, at the Navy Yard, passed through the target and tore it to pieces. It was plated with seven inches of wrought-iron upon eighteen inches of oak.

If the above be correct, the rebel iron-plated boats and rams are in considerable danger—for the destructive power, as compared with the resistant, is again in the ascendant.

NUTSHELL FRAMES.—A correspondent wishes a receipt for making "*nutshell frames.*" That is, for preparing and finishing them. He says:—"The arrangement of the nutshells is, of course, a mere matter of taste, and much controlled by the material on hand, and purpose for which it is designed. But there is a method for preparing the frame to receive them, and for varnishing after arranging, that I should like to have."

REBEL LOSSES.—The *Savannah Republican*, a rebel journal, estimates that the losses of the rebel armies during the present year, in killed, wounded, and otherwise disabled, will amount to one hundred thousand men. It adds:—"For every year the war continues we must expect our casualties to be quite as heavy as they have been the present."

NAMES.

A writer in the *Portland Transcript*, who is endeavoring to enlighten our friends in the North a little, says:—

A Baltimorean never says Ball-te-*more*, as we do, but *Bal*-ti-more; and a Bangorean always says *Bang*-gor, as the Welsh do, while the outside barbarians always say Ban-*gor*, and the Philadelphians say Feldelphy, and call it pedantic to say Philadelphia; and the South Carolinians think it decidedly vulgar to say Beaufort, as Christians do, and call it *Bew*-fort, and the officer Col. *Buford*, as they nicknamed poor Legare Legree. Out of New England, people say, not *Sauco*, but Sayco, and Coose for "*Co-os*."

Why should the Baltimoreans say "Ball-te-*more*," when *Bawl*-te-more is the correct pronunciation?

Why should the Bangoreans say Ban-*gor*, when *Bang*-gor is correct?

As to Philadelphia, every person of good education in this city calls it Phil-a-del-phia; while *Feldelphy* is as vulgar as to call London *Lunnun*.

As to the two Beauforts, in North and South Carolina, one, we believe, is called *Bu*-fort, and the other *Bo*-fort,—it may be to distinguish them apart.

As for Saco and Coos, they are both, we believe, Indian names, and correctly pronounced *Sau*-co, and Co-*os*. Coos, it is said, in the Indian dialect, signifies the pines.

THE GREAT HERALD HOAX.

[The following was the N. Y. Herald's report of the great hoax played upon Bennett in 1839. It is said to have been substantially true.]

A HOAX.

Some idle fellow, who confounds folly with wit, and impudence with independence, perpetrated an extensive hoax upon a great number of worthy individuals, by making use of our name at the beginning of last week. It appears that on Monday or Tuesday, some one consumed the whole day in writing letters to different tradesmen and professional gentlemen in this city, giving extensive orders for all kinds and descriptions of goods to be sent to this office; and requesting all sorts of professional gentlemen—parsons, lawyers, doctors, teachers, musicians, dancing masters and others—to call, preparatory to a requirement of their professional services. These letters or notes numbered over half a hundred, they were all written in the same hand, and in the same style, on coarse paper, and all sent through the post office, directing the different individuals to whom they were addressed, to be punctual in their attendance at the Herald office, 21 Ann street, on Wednesday, the 11th instant, at eleven o'clock precisely.

Accordingly, about 11 o'clock, whilst we were quietly sitting at our desk, the door of our editorial room opened, and in walked a dark, dingy looking man, his arms and hands loaded with pieces of iron, bars, instruments, &c., necessary for repairing a grate. He very leisurely laid them down by the fire-place, and began to work and to talk simultaneously:—

"This fire should not have been made here this morning."

"Shouldn't it?" we replied.

"I must take it all out," he rejoined.

"You'll do no such thing," we continued.

"Then I can't work at the grate."

"And who wants you to work at it?"

"You sent for me to do it."

"Did I?"

"Yes; there's your note;" handing the following:

HERALD OFFICE, 21 Ann street,
Dec. 9, 1839.

"Mr. Bennett will be obliged to Mr. ———, to send a man to repair the grate in the editorial room, on Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. Bring some iron bars and plenty of tools."

"It's a hoax, my good fellow," we replied, "no such order was sent from this office."

"Then I wish I could find the fellow who did send it. I'd file his teeth for him," said the blacksmith, as he gathered up his tools, and went grumbling out of the room. The same moment that saw his departure, saw the entrance of a good looking, middle aged man, who came bustling in with a professional air, and quietly pulling a large red morocco case from his coat pocket, untied the strings, unrolled the same, and displayed a fearful array of instruments for amputating, scalping and scarifying.

"Is he up stairs or down?" said the surgeon, for so he turned out to be.

"Upon my soul, I don't know," was the answer.

"Will it be necessary to amputate?" he continued with a very scientific shrug.

"That you must find out for yourself."

"Well, is he hurt badly?"

"Who do you mean?"

"The compositor that has received a dangerous wound, and that you sent for me to attend."

"I sent for you?" was the ejaculation.

"Yes, here's your note," handing the following:

HERALD OFFICE, 21 Ann street,
Dec. 10, 1839.

Mr. Bennett requests Mr. ——— to come to this office immediately to attend a compositor who has received a dangerous wound. Bring the requisite instruments, as amputation may be necessary.

"It is a hoax, doctor; no one received wounds in this office."

"Then I wish I could find the fellow out, I'd amputate his ears," said the doctor, as he rolled up his instruments. Before he left the room, a spruce looking little man entered with a dignified air, and bowing politely, exclaimed, "Mr. Bennett, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

The little fellow then knelt down at our feet, and taking one of our boots on his knee, pulled out some tape and a rule, remarking,

"Would you prefer fine calf or morocco?"

"Neither."

"You don't want thick cordovans?"

"No."

"Do you wish rights and lefts?"

"I wish to be left alone, and you to right about face and be off."

"You sent for me, and here's the order," handing the following:—

HERALD OFFICE, 21 Ann Street.

Mr. Bennett will be obliged to Mr. Ledderman to send to him his journeyman to take the measure for a pair of boots as early as possible on Wednesday morning, the 11th inst. Please let it be before 11 o'clock A. M.

"I'ts a hoax, my good fellow; nobody but Ryder makes my boots."

"Then I hope the writer has corns, and may wear tight boots till he dies," said the shoemaker as he left the room, and gave place to a carman with a large demijohn in his cart, who asked if he would set down the same in the middle of the office.

"Mr. Lawrence says that he thinks you'll find that as strong as you want it," said the carman.

"Shall I?" was the answer; "but perhaps you'll be good enough to say what it is."

"The aquafortis you sent for with this note:"

HERALD OFFICE, 21 Ann Street,
Dec. 9th, 1839.

Mr. Bennett will be obliged to Messrs. Lawrence, Keen & Co. to send one demijohn of strong aquafortis, with bill, to the office, on Wednesday morning, the 11th inst., by 10 o'clock A. M.

"I sent for no aquafortis; I never use any; it's a hoax; I'm aquafortis enough myself."

"Well, I've got nothing to do with the hoax," said the pertinacious carman; "my orders are to leave it here, and here I shall leave it."

And it was with some difficulty that this literal and faithful fellow could be persuaded to remove the demijohn, which he did, just as Mr. Parker, the dancing master, made one of his graceful bows.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bennett," said Mr. P. "Would you like to begin business this morning, or wait till this afternoon?"

"I begin business early every morning."

"But when do you wish me to teach you dance?"

"I want no teaching; I teach others to dance all the year round."

"But you sent me a note to that effect; and my daughters hurried me off before I finished my breakfast, for fear I should be too late."

"It's a hoax, Mr. Parker; I never sent any such note."

"Well, I hope the fellow who wrote it may have to dance a hornpipe barefooted upon hot bricks. Good-morning."

He had scarcely left, before a young man, from the excellent establishment of Mr. Cox, entered the room, and observed,

"Mr. Bennett, I presume?"

"The same, sir."

"Would you prefer black or a beautiful invisible green; we have some very fine specimens of both, just imported?"

"You mean tea, I suppose; I don't keep house, I board at the Astor."

"No sir, the suit of clothes you wrote about. Would you wish a fock coat, or a dress coat?"

"Neither—I don't want any clothes."

"You sent this note for some, didn't you?" handing the following:—

HERALD OFFICE, 21 Ann street,
Dec. 9th, 1839.

Mr. Bennet will be obl'ged to Mr. Cox to send a young man to get a measurement for a suit of clothes. Please call before 11 A. M. Wednesday morning.

Mr. Charles Cox, corner of Nassau and Fulton street.

"It's a hoax, sir."

"Well, I should like to measure the hoaxer for a suit of jail livery," said the young man, as he left the room, and gave place to two good-looking mulattoes, with a large tray and basketfull of terrapin of turtle soup, all smoking hot, from Downing's in Broad street.

"You would not like to have the table spread here, Mr. Bennett?" asked the waiter.

"No; I certainly should not."

"Well, you'll have to eat this at once; or it will be cold and spoil."

"Well, let it spoil; what is it?"

"The terrapin and soup you ordered."

"I ordered?"

"Yes; here's your note:"

HERALD OFFICE, 21 Ann street,
Dec. 9th, 1839.

Mr. Bennett will be obliged to Mr. Downing to send up as much terrapin and soup, as will suffice for ten or twelve people, on Wednesday evening, the 11th instant, not later then 8 P. M.

Dr. Downing, 5 Broad street.

"Take it back; it's a hoax. The soup at the Astor House is the only soup I eat."

These had scarcely left with their load, before some three or four fellows, with ladders, paint pots, brushes, and a whole lot of apparatus, came lumbering in to paint the office, pursuant to the following note:

HERALD OFFICE, 21 Ann street,
Dec. 9th, 1839.

Mr. Bennett will be obliged to Messrs. Lawrence & Lugan to send a couple of men to paint the office, on Wednesday morning, the 10th inst. Please not let it be later than 10 o'clock, A. M.

Messrs. Lawrence & Lugan, 62 Houston street.

Just at this moment in came a carman with a note exclaiming:

"I have brought the coal."

"What coal?"

"The best and cheapest in the city; the Spohn vein, Peach Orchard, from Mr. Leed's."

"I don't want it."

"You'll never get better."

"Perhaps not. I'm supplied at present, when I want some I'll send to Mr. Leed's."

"You did send this note."

HERALD OFFICE, Dec. 11.

Mr. Bennett wishes Mr. Leeds to send two tons of his excellent Peach Orchard coal, at $7½ per ton. Cash on delivery.

To Mr. Amos Leeds, 480 Washington street.

"It's a hoax."

"I am *sorry for it*; Mr. Leeds thought you patronized him in order to oppose the old monopoly that keep up the price of coal."

"I'll do anything to break up a monopoly; and when I want coal, I may patronize him."

Immediately after this, two police officers entered, with large sticks, and nearly breathless; exclaiming:

"Has he escaped; is he armed? How was it done?"

"Who? How? What the devil do you mean?"

"The ruffian alluded to in this letter, just sent by you to Justice Merritt."

HERALD OFFICE, 21 Ann street,
Dec. 9th, 1839.

Mr. Bennett will be obliged to Justice Merritt to send two officers, immediately, to apprehend a rascal, who has inflicted a dangerous wound on one of his compositors.

"I never sent the note; and have had no one stabbed. I don't allow any ruffians or loafers to come here."

The officers, as they took their leave, like true business men, expressed their great regret that there had not been a robbery or murder committed, by which their professional services might have been required.

After they left, Parson Williams came in, requesting to see the person who was dying, and who had sent for him to pray by the bedside. Then came a negro, to black all the boots in the establishment. Next came a note from Niblo, saying he would be punctual to the hour appointed for taking a ride, and have the carriage ready. This was followed by the arrival of six barrels of Venice mills flour, with a note from Duff & Ivers, apologizing for the delay. Next came Mr. Marsh, of the Castle Garden, announcing that the sail-boat was ready, and dinner would be served up in his saloon. He was followed by a large cart-load of ice; this was succeeded by the arrival of several carts with coal from various yards; next came a large dray with a quantity of clamp-boards, sufficient to construct a small house; then came the carts and casks of the Poudrette Company; then followed ladies' silk stockings, confectionery, several gross of blacking, kegs of printing ink, hats, cheese, umbrella, upholsterers, carpenters, builders, teachers of every description, and all kinds of goods and people. A dray came with three barrels of beer, and a rope to let them down into the cellar; another came to take measures for a suit of mourning; and at last came the climax.

A second doctor had scarcely left the room before a lawyer came in to make a will. He was still present, when Mr. Gillespie entered and observed:

"Mr. Bennett?"

"Yes."

"It's all right, I suppose?"

"What's all right?",

"Is he up stairs or down?"

"Who?"

"The dead man that I'm to measure for a coffin."

"We've no dead men here. We are all alive, and likely to remain so. This is no place for dead men."

"Well, I received this note."

HERALD OFFICE, 21 Ann street.

Mr. Bennett would be obliged to Mr. Gillespie to call at the office on Wednesday morning to take the measure for a coffin of a young man who has died suddenly.

"It's a hoax," we replied, but had scarcely uttered the words, when six carriages and a hearse drove up to the door, with an undertaker and all the materials requisite to conduct a highly respectable funeral; and the conductors of the carriages could scarcely be persuaded that there was not a corpse in the place, that it was essentially necessary to bury right off. This ended the hoax; which, although it perhaps afforded amusement to some one idle scoundrel, was a source of annoyance and inconvenience to a great many respectable tradesmen. It was, however, on the whole, of too ludicrous a nature not to cause a hearty laugh at the ingenuity of the fellow who planned and perpetrated it.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

EDMUND KIRKE,

Author of "AMONG THE PINES."

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	25.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE? To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis when requested.

Address **DEACON & PETERSON,**
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

NEWS ITEMS.

PETROLEUM AS A LUBRICATOR.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says:—After using lard oil for several years as a lubricator for our mill machinery, we have abandoned its use for coal or rock oil, which we find to answer full as well, and at but one-third of the expense. It seems to wear as well, and does not gum up like lard oil. For large journals and saw slides, I use a composition of tallow and coal oil, varying the proportions to suit the season. I know nothing superior to this composition for wagons and buggies; it is similar to a wagon grease sold in market, and it will wear better than anything I have yet found.

SORGHUM PAPER.—The *Prairie Farmer* says that we are in a fair way to obtain from Sorghum a valuable material for the manufacture of paper. It is well known that the bagasse bleaches out very white, and by experimenting with it, proves to be a good substitute for (substance to mix with) rags in the manufacture of paper. A paper mill on the Fox river is already using considerable quantities of it in the manufacture of wrapping paper, and are putting in the necessary machinery for preparing it for printing paper. When completed, it will use from two to three tons of it per day. They have every confidence in the success of the enterprise.

THE GIRLS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Fourteen young women of Brentwood, New Hampshire, went a few nights since to the house of an aged farmer who has sent three sons to the war, and husked one hundred bushels of corn for him.

A WESTERN PAPER says that in a village in Iroquois County, Illinois, an editor became smitten with the charms of a young and handsome married lady, and "addressed to her a long and passionate letter, filled with rhapsodies on her beauty and his love-lorn helplessness. The lady, with the advice and consent of her husband, sent the missive to the rival country paper, in which it appears—names, dates and all."

SUBSTITUTE MARKET.—Prices of substitutes in Milwaukee range from two hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars. At these figures, the *Sentinel* says, the market is well supplied, and the tendency is downward.

ALL the political prisoners at Fort Warren have been released. Among them are W. H. Winder, of Philadelphia, the Mayor, Police Commissioner and Police Marshal of Baltimore, the editor of the Baltimore Exchange and several rebel members of the Maryland Legislature; also Pierre Soule.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN has sent an agent to Tennessee with written instructions addressed to Governor Johnson and General Grant, to aid him in getting the people to reorganize their state government and elect members of Congress, at a free popular election.

☞ An Alabama paper, speaking of Geo. N. Sanders, says:—"The idea that our Government would depute such a man on any important mission, is too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment, and has, of course, very naturally grown out of George's inflated accounts of himself as he passed through the North and Canada."

☞ A Naples correspondent says that the prisons of that city are the Hotel des Invalides of thieves, who, as soon as they have secured a comfortable living for their families, allow themselves to be taken up, and lead a very happy life in what is characteristically called "the house of St. Peter."

A REBEL CONFESSION.

An article in the *Atlanta (Georgia) Intelligencer*, commenting on the failure of the recent rebel movements in the West, says:—

Does some one say, "We could not hold the state, (Kentucky,) and hence we ought to have fallen back?" I reply, if such was the case, we ought to have acted on this supposition from the first, and in that event, we would have injured our enemies instead of our friends. We should have warned our friends to send their families South. We, if rob we must, should have taken the effects of *Union* men, who are now busy in giving information against Southern men, and helping to despoil them of everything dear to freemen. Moreover, we should have warned such of our friends in Kentucky, as could not go South, to do nothing for the Southern army that would cause their ruin on our departure. But we *forced* them to take our money, giving them what we *pleased* for their produce, assured them in every way possible that we intended to hold the state; and then, gaining their confidence, we left them in the hands of their enemies without the slightest effort to relieve them! I have lost a brother in the war, meantime my father has died, and, in general, I have been a child of bereavement; but *never* has anything fallen to my lot which I have been so illy prepared to bear, as the treatment we have given Kentuckians! How a God of justice can prosper a people who would act with such duplicity, is a mystery to me.

Had General Bragg done his duty as well and promptly as General Smith did, Louisville would have been ours, Cincinnati would have furnished us supplies, while Columbus, Ohio, might have been our headquarters. *Then would the Vallandighams of Ohio, and the Brights of Indiana, have rallied to the issuing of General Bragg's noted proclamation; then would many thousand friends in Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, have joined the Southern army; then, too, could General Bragg, having cut off the Western from the Eastern states, have whispered terms of peace into the North-Western ear;* and then might we have reasonably hoped for peace. But *now* all hope of peace is indefinitely postponed, and our prospects are gloomier than when we began to cross the mountain, because our appearance near the Ohio has caused many a man to be added to the Northern army, that, had we remained *south* of the mountain, would never have taken up arms against us.

But, as the matter now stands, our friends in Kentucky are *ruined*. Kentucky will be a *free state very soon*. We have to fight an enemy whose strength is much augmented, and the Southern army is none the better for having taken all the corn, meat, everything to eat, from the citizens on our retreat. *I hope I shall never again witness such wholesale robbery as that of which our army was guilty while returning from Harrodsburg to the Gap. I blush to record such enormities!* There is one thing which I hope will be examined into. It is this: *Not every load of corn, not every beef, not every horse or mule*, was PAID FOR. *Whether* QUARTERMASTERS HAVE MADE FORTUNES OR NOT, DEPENDS WHOLLY UPON THEIR BEING HONEST MEN. My own impression is that *many a load of corn, many a beef, and many a mule, have been charged to the Government, for which the rightful owners never received a cent.* I do not say that *all* have done this; but I am satisfied that *some* have. Will not the Government look into this matter as soon as possible?

I could write much more, but I will close, praying that God will not crush us for our multiplied iniquities, and that, in future, our *honor* may forbid our acting so treacherously toward *others* as we have to Kentuckians. But it was not the *army*, as such, that did this, and from this I draw my consolation.

☞ In one of the late Western engagements a private of the 52d Illinois, who had got so drunk that his officers were compelled to take his musket from him, refused to fall back to the rear. When the line fell back before a furious rebel charge, he refused to fall back with them, but picked up a gun and remained where he was, inside a breastwork. A rebel captain, who was one of the first to enter the works, called on him to surrender. He replied, "I never surrender!" and shot the captain. A private attacking him just then, he knocked him down with his gun and bayoneted him; and before any more could get at him, our men had rallied and driven the rebels off. So he held the work solitary and alone, and by the time the regiment got in again, he had robbed the rebels of one hundred and forty dollars Confederate money, and such other little articles of value as he could find lying around loose.—Evidently that soldier fights better drunk than he could possibly do sober.

☞ Ethan Spike, of Portland, who recently emigrated over the ocean to avoid the draft, gets off the following:—"Do you suppose they would draft me ef I went back? I skersely think 'twould be constitootional.—I've gained a resident here—an' would him under the statoote perwided for furriners. I'm too old, was a candydate for offis under general government—nobody kin prove that I was born in the United States—I tried to jine the Quakers—hain't got teeth enough to bite a cartridge—never had the mumps—might be tuk with them at any time—the smell of gunpowder makes me sick, specially when its mixed with lead—sich kimical combinations never agreed with me. Ef these disabilities don't constitoot me an alien under the haybeas Korpus act, wot ar nour free institootions good for?"

☞ THE SOAP QUESTION.—"Mr. Ferguson, you surely jest when you say my babe is the handsomest child you ever saw. You must be soft-soaping."

"Well, madam, it may possibly be so, for I now recollect I thought it very much needed soap of some kind," replied Mr. Ferguson.

Mr. Ferguson was seen immediately after, making a hasty exit, pursued by an enraged broomstick.

☞ There is occasionally some very sharp shooting between our brother editors. The editor of the Ellsworth American having said of the editor of the Belfast Journal that he did not "recollect of a cheaper specimen of mankind occupying the chair editorial," the Journal man replies: "All we have to say is, that a very angry man always *forgets himself!*" The editor of the Kennebec Journal, professing to be entirely ignorant of "hog house architecture," the Somerset Farmer retorts: "Well, it is astonishing how a short residence in a *city* will make one forget their [his] bringing up!"

☞ When pride and poverty marry, their children are want and crime.

LATEST NEWS.

Burnside Still Opposite Fredericksburg.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Nov. 30, 7 30 P. M.—Some camps of the enemy visible yesterday disappeared last night. They probably have retired to the valley behind the range of hills in the rear of Fredericksburg.

New rebel earthworks almost daily make their appearance, and the range of hills in the rear of the town is crowned almost continuously with redoubts and rifle pits.

There are various reports about their strength; some say that Bragg's army has come up, and that Jackson is close at hand: but there is nothing known for certain, except that they have a large and constantly increasing force, and show every disposition to make a determined resistance to the crossing of our troops.

Some of our batteries, whose guns bear directly upon the town, have recently been protected by earthworks.

Early yesterday morning, a large body of the enemy's cavalry, said to have been Hampton's Legion, crossed the river some distance above here, and, by evading the pickets, succeeded in making a descent upon two companies of the 3d Pennsylvania cavalry, in General Averill's brigade, near Hartwood. They captured nearly every man in both companies.

Five gunboats are reported to have advanced up the Rappahannock opposite King George's Court House. The right wing of the enemy extends nearly to that point, but at some distance from the river.

The railroad from Aquia Creek has been completed.

The War in South-West.

CAIRO, Nov. 29.—The grand army of the south are all in motion. General Sherman, with his forces, left Memphis on Wednesday. General Grant's army struck their tents yesterday, and marched off on the Holly Springs road. Seven days' rations were prepared.

The rebels are falling back towards, Grenada, tearing up the track, carrying off the rails, and burning the bridges as they retire. It is reported that they are even moving the heavier articles of value from Jackson, Mississippi.

The prisoners that have been taken confess to the utter hopelessness of their cause in the West.

Miscellaneous.

Gen. Burnside made a flying visit to the President and Gen. Halleck on Saturday, and returned immediately to his headquarters.

The latest dates from New Orleans are to the 20th ult. Arrangements for the proposed expedition are being carried out on a grand scale. There are at the present time more vessels at New Orleans than at any period since its capture. Owing to the presence of guerilla bands, no vessel now leaves the city without being armed.

The steamer Vanderbilt has returned from an unsuccessful cruise after the pirate Alabama.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—Major-General Banks, General Augur, Colonels Clark and Howe, spent the entire day in visiting the transports to take the troops for the expedition about to start. Gen. Banks made a thorough and personal inspection.

☞ The removal of such men as Fremont and McClellan, both of whom have their ardent partizans, and possessed the affections of their soldiers, while it has tried the strength of our popular institutions, has proved them to be strong enough to meet the most dreaded emergencies. Both generals bowed implicitly to the will of their superior, and the civil maintains its supremacy over the military power. All the people have to do is to follow the examples of these commanders, and refrain from throwing any obstacles in the way of the success of the great cause.

☞ The following is a very pleasant relation of a neat and touching little incident:—

"Oh spare me, dear angel, one lock of your hair!"
A bashful young lover took courage and sighed;
"'Twere a sin to refuse so modest a prayer,
So take the whole wig," the sweet creature replied.

☞ "Buy any butter here?" said a country customer, who walked into a dry goods store in one of the eastern cities, and looked much like a character who knew a great deal more of himself than he cared to tell. "No, sir," replied the merchant, "we don't wish to buy any." "Want to buy any eggs?" "No, sir, we keep a dry goods store here." "So! Well then, maybe you'd like to buy some chickens—fat as pigs, and a mighty sight nicer, too." "No, sir, I tell you we don't deal in anything but dry goods." "Couldn't I sell you a nice hind quarter of pork?" "I tell you, sir, we deal in dry goods exclusively here." "Wall, what'll you give for *dried peaches?*"

☞ The rice crop of South Carolina is good this year, but the corn crop will be rather short.

☞ A WISE EDITOR.—An editor in Minnesota is determined to break up housekeeping and go boarding round with his delinquent subscribers the remainder of his life.

☞ "Papa," said my bright-eyed little girl to me one day, "I believe mamma loves you better'n she does me." I confessed doubts on that subject, but I concluded that it was not best to deny the soft impeachment. She meditated thoughtfully about it for some time, evidently construing my silence as unfavorable to her side. "Well," said she, at last, "I s'pose it's all right; you're the biggest, and it *takes more* to love you."

☞ CURIOSITIES.—A man named Turner had a jar cracked by the shock of an earthquake. The price of the jar was originally ten guineas, but after the accident he asked twenty, because it was the only jar in Europe that had been cracked by an earthquake.

☞ A Chattanooga rebel editor wanted to know what kind of laws we would enact for the government of the rebels, if we were to conquer them? Prentice says: "Don't trouble yourself about that, sir. When your fellows lay down their arms, we will lay down the law."

☞ Emily—Good-bye, Charley. Mind you take a "bus." (Charley does so instantly—left cheek, near the dimple.)

☞ Man and wife are like a pair of scissors, so long as they are together, but they become daggers as soon as they are disunited.

SUMMER EVENING LONG AGO.

I sat behind my window-sill,
In the hot and dusty town,
The sun behind the sultry walls
Was slowly sinking down.
The breeze across my mignonette
Came breathing sweet and low,
To wake the sleeping memories
Of evenings long ago!

I thought that I had driven back
Such memories as these,
But now they all return again
On a whispering summer breeze.
Fond words come ringing through my brain,
That fill my heart with woe—
Oh, God! what brought them back to-night,
Evenings of long ago?

I see the green lanes where we strayed,
Thy dear hand clasping mine;
The same blest breeze that fans my cheek
Sweeps softly over thine;
And words of love pour from thy lips,
Not measured, cold, and slow
As those I now hear. Oh! I pine
For the evenings long ago!

I thought I had forgotten thee;
Had schooled my aching heart
To pass through life as best I may,
And act my weary part.
Alas! the mocking vision's o'er,
Too soon, alas! I know
'Twas but my loneliness that dreamed
Of evenings long ago!

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day, whilst crossing the market-place, he was compelled to stop by a long row of wagons, all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so dead to emotion, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagons, and the little wagoners, who, by-the-by, were young and pretty country-women. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely and graceful that the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips. It attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market: as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, she burst out laughing.

"What! is it you?" exclaimed she.

"Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman; "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the wagons began to move along, she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requesting him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared, and left him as if riveted on the spot by this strange apparition.

Who was this young market-woman? Madame la Countess de la Tour-du-pin, (Mademoiselle de Dillon,) the most elegant among the ladies of the court of Louis the Sixteenth, King of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the royal palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Alas! in those times of terror the poor children themselves abandoned with joy the parental roof, for no hiding-place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continual praises of her beauty and talents!

Mons. de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of general admiration. Indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now, in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793,) what was the use of courtly refinements?

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair, and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know; but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who on every occasion evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain, and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great *ennui* to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever he was thinking of this transition, (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit,) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mrs. Muller to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and repeat to him, "Happy husband! Happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs. Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, when they were to be at last exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-o'-all trades, viz., gardener, footman, and cook. The last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner-time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent; looking for her, he entered the kitchen, and saw a young countrywoman, who, with her back to the door, was kneading dough; her arms of snowy whiteness were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started, the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner.

"Oh! my love," said she, "do not laugh at me. I am as expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasps her to his bosom, and kisses her fervently. From his inquiries, he learns that when he thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs. Muller and her servants—and after six months had become skillful in the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is. We, in a moment, understand what would cost a countrywoman sometimes one or two years. Now we shall be happy—you will no longer be afraid of *ennui* for me, nor I of doubts about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking with a bewitching smile at him. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow; the oven is hot. To-day the bread of the town will do—but oh!—henceforward leave it to me."

From that moment, Madame de la Tour-du-Pin kept her word; she insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream-cheeses. It was on such an errand to town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he went to pay her a visit, and found her in the poultry-yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chicks, and pigeons.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefitted, that she seemed less fatigued by the housework, than if she had attended the balls of the winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the New World. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

"Indeed!" replied she, with *naivete*, "indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and everywhere proud of her personal attractions."

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room, holding in his hand his jacket with a long rent in the back.

"Missis, him jacket torn; please mend him."

She immediately took a needle, repaired Gullah's jacket, and continued the conversation with a charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

EASTERN CUSTOMS.

"I have lift up mine hand unto the Lord, the most high God."—GEN. xiv. 22.

To lift up the right hand with the fingers toward Heaven is equivalent to an oath. Hence Dr. Boothroyd has rendered the passage, "I *swear* to Jehovah." To lift up the hand in confirmation of anything is considered a most sacred mode of swearing. In Isaiah lxii. 8, it is written, "The Lord hath sworn by his *right* hand. It is an interesting fact, that many of the images of the gods of the heathen have the *right* hand lifted up, which to the understanding of the people says," "*I am God; I am truth; fear not.*"

"I knew a man in Christ."—2 COR. xii. 2.

Macknight says: "That the Apostle speaks of himself here, is evident from verses 6 and 7." This is the Eastern way in which a man *modestly* speaks of himself. Has an individual performed a great exploit, which he does not like to mention in plain terms as having been done by himself? he simply says, in relating the affair, "I know the man who did it." "Nan-aravain," *i. e.*, I know. Do people express their pleasure or surprise in the presence of a person, at some work which has been accomplished by himself, and should they inquire, "Who is the man?" he will say, "I know him;" he will not say he is the man, because some would perhaps not be disposed to believe him, and the slight intimation conveyed in the terms "*I know him,*" is quite sufficient to convince others he is the fortunate individual.

"Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear."
—MATT. iii. 11.

A respectable man never goes out without his servant or attendant; thus he has always some one to talk with and to do anything he may require. When the ground is smooth or where there is soft grass to walk on, the sandals are taken off, and the servant carries them in his hand. The devoted, the humble John did not consider himself worthy to bear the sandals of his Divine Master.

MARRIAGE OF LUTHER.

Luther came to Melancthon's house and requested to see Catharine alone.

Margaret hastened to her and gave her the message. She entreated her friend to return with her.

"That would not do," replied Margaret; "he said expressly *alone;* he undoubtedly has something very particular to say. Now, Catharine, take courage and open your heart."

Poor Catharine went with trembling steps to the presence of Luther.

"I have sent for you, my child," said he, "to converse on the subject of matrimony. I hope you are convinced it is a holy state."

"Yes, sir," said Catharine.

"Are you prepared to embrace it?"

"No, sir," she replied.

"Perhaps you have scruples on the score of monastic vows; if so, I will mark some passages I have written on that subject, that may set your mind at rest."

Catharine was silent.

"I perceive that I do not make much progress in my purpose. I am little used to these matters, and I had better be direct. Do you mean to abide by your monastic vows, or will you marry, like a rational woman?"

This direct appeal seemed to arouse her courage.

"Even Doctor Martin Luther has no right," said she, "to ask that question without explaining his motive."

"Well said, Kate," replied he, laughing. "I must tell you then. There is a person who would gladly take you, 'for better and for worse.'"

Catharine's color rose, and her eyes sparkled with additional brightness.

"Now say, has he any chance?"

"You have not told me who he is," said she, resolutely.

"And you have not told me whether you have any scruples of conscience on the subject; if you have, God forbid that I should urge you."

"When I left the convent," said she, in a low voice, "it was because it would have been hypocrisy in me to have remained there. I took the vows ignorantly, and almost by compulsion; I embraced the reformed religion with an inquiring and willing faith. God forgive me, that I so long offered Him the worship of my lips while my heart was far from Him."

"And now?" said Luther, after waiting for her to finish her sentence.

"Now," she replied, "I need not ask His forgiveness for worshipping Him in spirit and in truth. I am no longer a nun."

"Well," said Luther, "I suppose this is as direct an answer as I must expect. So, to my purpose."

But even Luther stopped short, surprised at Catharine's emotion.

"Perhaps, my dear," he said kindly, "I do wrong in speaking to you myself; I had better commission Margaret. I suppose women converse on these matters better together; and yet, as I have begun, I will finish. The other day, Bodenstein, the nephew of Carolstadt, came to me to solicit my influence with you. He wishes you to marry him. I told him I could have no particular influence with you, unless you have scruples of conscience about marrying. He is a clever young man, and I see no objection. He is very unlike his fanatic uncle."

He might have talked an hour without receiving a reply. Catharine's manner had changed; there was no longer the emotion or the blush.

"What shall I tell him?"

"Anything you please," said she, "so that I never see him again."

"Why, this is strange," said Luther; "you did not seem to have scruples of conscience just now. My dear Catharine, you must not forget that you have no natural relations here, and this young man can be a protector to you."

"I wish you would not speak of him," replied she.

"Is there any one else that you like better?" said Luther.

She made no reply.

"Nay, speak; I have every disposition to serve you. Has any other person made the same proposition to you?"

"Yes," said Catharine, with a little womanly pride; "Counsellor Baumgartner has made the same proposals."

"Do you prefer him?"

"Yes," she replied, rising; "but I am as happy as I ever expect to be. My friends assure me that I am no burden, but a help to them; and so I wish you good-morning."

Poor Catharine hastened to her room. Her dream was over. Luther, the austere, the insensible reformer, had awakened her from it. Margaret entered while her eyes were yet red with weeping. She tenderly approached and embraced her; but neither exchanged a word.

"There is no hope for Bodenstein," thought Luther; "it is evident Baumgartner is the object. Catharine is a child; if the Elector dies she is without a support, except by the labor of her hands, and they do not look as if they were made for labor. I will write to Jerome Baumgartner; he is well known as a young counsellor at Nuremberg."

Accordingly he wrote:

"1524, Oct. 12.

"If you would obtain Catharine von Borne, hasten here before she is given to another who proposes for her. She has not yet conquered her love for you. I shall rejoice to see you united. "LUTHER."

The young counsellor received this letter with surprise and incredulity. The positive refusal of Catharine, some months before, had left no doubt on his mind, and he thought the wisest plan was to inclose the letter to her, and to inquire whether it was written with her sanction.

In the meantime, Luther's friends began to urge him to marry, particularly Melancthon. "You preach," said he, "what you do not practice."

He protested, however, that he would not be caught in the snare; that his time was now fully occupied.

When Catharine received the letter from her former lover, she was filled with astonishment, and requested Margaret to speak to Luther on the subject. He said he had done what he thought was right and would be agreeable to all parties; but he found there was one science he did not understand—the heart of a woman.

"That is true," said Margaret, "or you would long since have perceived that Catharine's was yours; and now the mystery is out."

It required all the evidence to convince Luther of the truth of this assertion: he was forty, and Catharine but little more than half that number of years; that she could prefer him to her young suitors seemed to him incredible. Margaret, however, had said it, and a new life opened to Luther, in the affection of a young and beautiful woman.

When he spoke to Catharine again on the subject of matrimony, he was more successful than before. He learned the history of her long attachment, which had become so much the reverie of her silent hours. The betrothment took place, and very soon the marriage followed.

BEWARE.

I know a youth who can flirt and flatter—
Take care!
He loves with the ladies to gossip and chatter—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee!

He has a voice of varying tone—
Take care!
It echoes many besides thine own—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee!

He has a hand that is soft and white—
Take care!
It pressed another than thine last night—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee!

His letters are glowing with love, I ween—
Take care!
One half that he writes he does not mean—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee!

He talks of truth, and of deep devotion—
Take care!
Of loving truly he has no notion—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee!

Your heart he will gain by his dangerous wiles!
Take care!
Of his whispered words, and his sighs, and his smiles,
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee!

THE JEWISH WOMEN OF BARBARY.

In the evening I had an invitation to be present at two Jewish marriages, which it required little pressing to make me accept.—Our whole party was invited; so in a body we visited the houses of both brides. We were led through one of the low doors I before spoke of into a square centre court, where an immense assemblage of Beni-Israel were congregated. As soon as it was known we were English, way was made for us to where the bride was sitting, which was in a small room leading off one side of the court. Here we found her surrounded by a crowd of handmaids, any one of whom might have sat for a Rachel. "Such a collection of transcendent beauty!" we all exclaimed together. And such, certainly, we had never before seen. Most of them were very young—for in this climate they are women almost from childhood, and old age sets in when maturity would be barely attained in our northern latitudes; and all surpassed in loveliness my utmost ideal of romance. Not the drooping noses, meaningless eyes, and awkward figures so often seen among the wives and daughters of Israel in England; but the most exquisite aquiline features, enlivened with all the fire of a sunny clime, and outlines so symmetrical and flowing, that no pen can convey any impression of them. Their hair, too, of the darkest raven, falling in long tresses over their shoulders, together with the profusion of costly jewels with which they were adorned, gave them an appearance so celestial, that we were at no loss to understand the reason why the Jews are so scrupulous in keeping their daughters from the public gaze. The young married females were seated more immediately round the brides.

In Barbary it is the custom to shave the heads of the females as soon as they enter wedlock, and substitute a wig for their beautiful hair, which, it may be readily believed, is no improvement; but as they conceal this defect by a skillfully contrived head-dress, studded with enormous brilliants, they continue to present charms little inferior to their unmarried sisters. The brides themselves were lovely, and decked, as they were, in gold and silver embroidered robes, crowned with a diadem, all set with jewels, they shone even amidst the surrounding galaxy.—I could not but recall the allusions in the Old Testament to the Eastern bride, "adorning herself with jewels," and having "her clothing of wrought gold;" and more especially the description given in Ezekiel of the Church, under the figure of the bride, when God says:—"I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thy hands, and a chain on thy neck. And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and ear-rings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head" (Ezek. xvii. 11, 12). The bride sits with her eyes fast closed and covered with a veil, thus to be admired for several days; and as she is not allowed to look about her on any pretence whatever, or to smile, or even appear cognizant of anything that is passing around, she was the only one of the party not to be envied. After a time she was led by the hand through the crowd, that all might see her, and a perfect buzz of admiration followed her triumphant progress. Previous to our arrival, a large wine-jar, out of which the bride and bridegroom had drunk, was broken to pieces in the centre of the court, in accordance with some old rite.—*A Visit to Barbary.*

BELIEF OF NAPOLEON I.
IN THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

Napoleon Bonaparte, while an exile at St. Helena, just before his death, in a conversation with General Bertrand, thus expressed himself, and the testimony of this most wonderful man stands opposed to Gibbon's attempt to account for the progress of Christianity from secondary causes:—

"I know men, and I tell you Jesus was not a man. Neither was He a philosopher; for His proofs were miracles, and His disciples from the very first adored Him. In fact, science and philosophy are powerless to salvation; and the sole object of Jesus, in coming into the world, was to unveil the mysteries of Heaven and the laws of mind. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I, have founded Empires; but upon what have we rested the creations of our genius? Upon force. Only Jesus has founded an Empire upon *love;* and at this moment, millions of men would die for Him. It was not day nor a battle, that won the victory over the world for the Christian religion. No; it was a long war, a fight of three centuries; begun by the apostles, and continued by their successors, and the flow of the Christian generations that followed. In that war all the Kings and Powers of the earth were on one side; on the other side, I see no army, but a mysterious force, and a few men scattered here and there through all parts of the world, and who had no rallying point but their faith in the mysteries of the Cross. I die before my time, and my body will be put in the ground to become the food of worms. Such is the fate of the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep wretchedness and Christ's eternal kingdom, proclaimed, loved, adored, and spreading through the world! Was that dying? Was it not rather to live?"

With these words Napoleon ceased, but General Bertrand making no reply, he added:—

"If you do not know that Jesus Christ is God, I have been mistaken in you, General."

CROOKEDNESS OF BOSTON.

"Gail Hamilton" says:—"No city has any moral right to be as crooked as Boston. It is a crookedness without excuse, and without palliation. It is crooked in cold blood, and with malice aforethought. It goes askew when it might just as easily go straight. It is illogical, inconsequent, and incoherent. Nowhere leads to anywhere in particular. You start from any given point, and you are just as likely to come out at one place as another. Of course, all this can but have an effect on the inhabitants. Straight-forwardness becomes impossible where you are continually pitching up against sharp points. People born and bred in angles, and blind alleys, and cross-ways, cannot fail to have a knack at tergiversation and intrigue. Diplomatists should be chosen from Boston, or should at least take a preparatory course of five years there, as soldiers do at West Point.

"The number of streets is amazing. The Bostonians seem to have a perfect frenzy for them. If they can squeeze in a six-foot passage between two houses, they are happy. Half-a-dozen stairs and a brick platform is an avenue and an elyseum. They build their houses in the shape of a letter V, with the point sticking out in front, apparently for no other reason than the exquisite satisfaction of having a street pass up each side; and they make their streets crooked to look at, and then make alleys to get there. Washington Street, the principal thoroughfare,

"Like a wounded snake drags its slow length along."

"I have heard that it was originated by cows, meandering down to drink. This hypothesis may answer in the one case, but it won't apply to the smaller streets, for a cow could not make so acute angles if she tried. Owing to this vaccine inability, Washington Street rolls on with considerable dignity for awhile, but it goes off into a delirium tremens down by Cornhill and Dock Square."

A NOBLE ACT NOBLY REWARDED.

The burghers of Soleure had, during the warm contests for the imperial throne, espoused the cause of Louis of Bavaria, and thereby incurred the indignation of the house of Austria. Duke Leopold advanced with a powerful army, besieged their town and threatened its extirpation. A violent fall of rain brought on a sudden inundation, which, besides destroying all the stores, engines and implements of the besiegers, endangered a wooden bridge they had constructed for the sake of communication between different parts of the camp. The Duke had posted a great number of men upon it, who, in order to steady it against the impetuosity of the torrent, had loaded it with great heaps of stones. This precaution, however, proved ineffectual; the bridge gave way, and the men were perishing in the stream. The burghers, at this disastrous moment, forgot their enmity, took to their boats, and, at the imminent danger of their own lives, hastened to the relief of their perishing antagonists.—They saved the greatest number of them, fed them, cheered them, and sent them back to the camp. The Duke hereupon, attended by thirty Knights, came to the walls and desired to be admitted on friendly terms. On being honorably received, he granted a banner to the burghers as a token of perfect reconciliation, and declared that their generosity had completely vanquished his resentment. None of his wars ever terminated so much to his advantage.

An Arab Story-Teller in Barbary.

In a corner of the market place, a little apart from the fierce rabble, was seated on the ground a large group of men, women, and children, listening to a story-teller from the desert. On a small space of ground allotted to him stood the reciter; and a more striking picture than he and his audience presented cannot be conceived. He was a gray-bearded ancient, with an eye of fire, clothed in a full white turban, and having his striped robe disposed in graceful folds around him. He held in his hand a small timbrel, on which he struck, at intervals, short and abrupt notes, when he wished to give additional emphasis to his story. Walking hurriedly up and down, he enunciated his tale, with peculiar clearness of diction, in the guttural accents of his Arab race. Sometimes standing on tip-toe, with up-turned face and burning eye, pointing, with uplifted finger, to the blue sky overhead, like some old seer appealing to his Great Inspirer, and elevating his voice to its utmost stretch, he vehemently poured forth some part which told of brave men and warlike daring; and anon crouching on the ground, and suppressing his accents to a whisper, which, though of the lowest, was distinctly audible above the tumultuous shouts of the market-place, he related, in tones of no less fervency, some passage of cunning or deadly revenge. Never did I see such speaking eloquence as that displayed in this man's gestures or burning accents, or more intelligent expression than that traceable in the countenances of his hearers. The men forgot their stoicism, and shed a tear; the women, unmindful of the strangers' presence, let the folds of their cloaks fall from their pale but lovely faces; and all, by their shouts and tears, showed their sympathy with the tale. Each, with parted lips and "dark eyes flashing fire," gazed intently on the speaker, their wild spirits chained and softened while the old man held them captive with his glittering eye and living eloquence. There they sat, unmindful of the surrounding tumult which swept around them, wholly wrapped up in the account of other scenes which for a time rendered them oblivious of their present misery in the dream-like recollections of their people's paradise.

When he finished, his hearers drew a long breath, as if relieved from some trance under which they had been held, and fearfully glancing round, gathered up the folds of their long robes, and passed amidst the crowd with a sigh.

We were glad, with the others, to contribute our mite to the leathern purse of the story-teller, as we left the spot with feelings which sympathized with the scene. Some of the residents informed us, that these tales were identical with those romantic stories which must have delighted all readers of the Arabian Nights; and that listening to their recital forms one of the most favorite sources of amusement to the Arabs.—*A Visit to Barbary.*

THE TROUT.

In some remarks made before the Farmers' Club in New York, by Robert L. Pell, Esq., we find the following interesting information concerning this highly esteemed fish:—

"The trout is the only fish that comes in and goes out of season with the deer; he grows rapidly, and dies after reaching his full growth. The female spawns in October, at a different time from all other fish; after which both male and female become lean, weak, and unwholesome eating, and, if examined closely, will be found covered with a species of clove-shaped insects, which appear to suck their substance from them; and they continue sick until warm weather, when they rub the insects off on the gravel, and immediately grow strong. The female is the best for the table. She may be known by her small head and deep body. Fish are always in season when their heads are so small as to be disproportioned to the size of their body. The trout is less oily and rich than the salmon; the female is much brighter and more beautiful than the male; *they swim* rapidly and often leap like the salmon, to a great height when ascending streams. When I first stocked my trout pond, I placed fifteen hundred in it, and was accustomed to feed them with angle-worms, rose bugs, crickets, grass-hoppers, &c., which they attacked with great voracity, to the amusement of those looking on. They grow much more rapidly in ponds than in their native streams, from the fact that they are better fed, and not compelled to exercise. Trout are the only fish known to me that possess a voice, which is perceived by pressing them, when they emit a murmuring sound and tremble all over."

THE POOR OF FRANCE.—Victor Hugo in his great last work, reveals in shocking nakedness the reality of the poverty of the poor of France. He says—"My good friends, there are in France thirteen hundred thousand peasants' cottages that have but three openings; eighteen hundred and seventeen thousand that have two, the door and one window; and finally, three hundred and forty-six thousand cabins, with only one opening—the door. And this is in consequence of what is called the excise upon doors and windows. In these poor families, among the aged women and the little children, dwelling in these huts, how abundant is fever and disease? Alas! God gives light to men; the law sells it. I do not blame the law, but I bless God. In Isere, in Var, and in the Upper and the Lower Alps, the peasants have not even wheel-barrows, they carry the manure on their backs; they have no candles, but burn pine knots, and bits of ropes soaked in pitch. And the same is the case all through the upper part of Dauphine. They make bread once in six months, and bake it with the refuse of the fields. In the winter it becomes so hard that they cut it up with an axe, and soak it for twenty-four hours, before they can eat it."

☞ The miser isn't vain; he thinks a penny better worth saving than his soul.

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

The creaking wagon's in the shed,
The busy flail is heard no more;
The horse is littered down and fed,
The harness hangs above his head,
The whip behind the door.

His leathern gloves and hooked bill
To-day the woodman throws aside;
The blacksmith's fiery forge is still,
The wooden wheel of the old mill
Sleeps on the mill-dam wide.

The miller's boat is anchored where
Far out the water lilies sleep;
You see their shadows mirrored there,
The broad white flowers reflected clear,
Within the mill pond deep.

The harrow's in the garden shed,
Hoe, rake, and spade are put away;
Unweeded stands the onion bed,
The gardener from his work hath fled;
'Tis holy Sabbath day.

Upon the wall the white cat sleeps,
By which the churn and milk-pans lie;
A drowsy wag's in the house-dog keeps
And scarcely yet on his dull eye peeps
Upon the passer-by.

And sweetly over hill and dale,
The silver-sounding church-bells ring;
Across the moor and down the dale
They come and go, and on the gale
Their Sabbath tidings fling.

From where the white-washed Sunday-school
Peops out between the poplars dim,
Which ever throw their shadows cool
Far out upon the rushy pool,
You hear the Sabbath hymn.

From farm and field, and grange grown gray,
From woodland walk and winding ways,
The old and young, the grave and gay,
Unto the old church come to pray,
And sing God's holy praise.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLV.

LOOKING OUT FOR THE WORST.

The night passed quietly at Verner's Pride. Not, for all its inmates, pleasantly. Faithful Tynn bolted and barred the doors and windows with his own hand, like he might have done on the anticipated invasion of a burglar; and then took up his station to watch the approaches to the house, and never stirred till morning light. There may have run in Tynn's mind some vague fear of violence, should his master and Frederick Massingbird come in contact.

How did Lionel pass it? Wakeful and watchful as Tynn. He went to bed; but sleep, for him, there was none. His wife, by his side, slept all through the night. Better, of course, for her that it should be so; but, that her frame of mind could be sufficiently easy to admit of sleep, was a perfect marvel to Lionel. Had he needed proof to convince him how shallow was her mind, how incapable she was of depth of feeling, of thought, this would have supplied it. She slept throughout the night. Lionel never closed his eyes; his brain was at work, his mind was troubled, his heart was aching. Not for himself. His position was certainly not one to be envied; but, in his great anxiety for his wife, self passed out of sight. To what conflict might she not be about to be exposed! to what unseemly violence of struggle, outwardly and inwardly, might she not expose herself! He knew quite well that, according to the laws of God and man, she was Frederick Massingbird's wife; not his. He should never think—when the time came—of disputing Frederick Massingbird's claim to her. But, what would she do?—how would she act? He believed, in his honest heart, that Sibylla, in spite of her aggravations shown to him, and whatever may have been her preference for Frederick Massingbird in the early days, best cared for him, Lionel, now. He believed that she would not willingly return to Frederick Massingbird.

Or, if she did, it would be for the sake of Verner's Pride.

He was right. Heartless, selfish, vain, and ambitious, Verner's Pride possessed far more attraction for Sibylla than did either Lionel or Frederick Massingbird. Allow her to keep quiet possession of that, and she would not cast much thought to either of them. If the conflict actually came, Lionel felt, in his innate refinement, that the proper course for Sibylla to adopt would be to retire from all social ties, partially to retire from the world—as Miss West had suggested she should do now in the uncertainty. Lionel did not wholly agree with Miss West. He deemed that in the uncertainty, Sibylla's place was by his side, still his wife; but, when once the uncertainty was set at rest by the actual appearance of Frederick Massingbird, then let her retire. It was the one only course that he could pursue, were the case his own. His mind was made up upon one point—to withdraw himself out of the way when that time came. To India, to the wilds of Africa—anywhere far, far away. Never would he remain to be an eye-sore to Sibylla or Frederick Massingbird, inhabiting the land that they inhabited, breathing the air that sustained life in them. Sibylla might rely on one thing—that when Frederick Massingbird did appear beyond doubt or dispute, that very hour he said adieu to Sibylla. The shock soothed—and he would sooth it for her to the very utmost of his power—he should depart. He would be no more capable of retaining Sibylla in the face of her first husband, than he could have taken her, knowingly, from that husband in his lifetime.

But where was Frederick Massingbird? Tynn's opinion had been—he had told it to his master—that when he saw Frederick Massingbird steal into the grounds of Verner's Pride the previous evening, he was coming on to the house, there and then. Perhaps Lionel himself had entertained the same conviction. But the night had passed, and no Frederick Massingbird had come. What could be the meaning of it? What could be the meaning of his dodging about Deerham in this manner, frightening the inhabitants?—of his watching the windows of Verner's Pride? Verner's Pride was his; Sibylla was his; why, then, did he not arrive to assume his rights?

Agitated with these and many other conflicting thoughts, Lionel lay on his uneasy bed, and saw in the morning light. He did not rise until his usual hour; he would have risen far earlier, but for the fear of disturbing Sibylla. To lie there, a prey to these reflections, to this terrible suspense, was intolerable to him, but he would not risk the waking her. The day might prove long enough and bad enough for her, without arousing her to it before her time. He rose, but she slept on still; Lionel did wonder how she could.

Not until he was going out of the room, dressed, did she awake. She awoke with a start. It appeared as if recollection, or partial recollection, of the last night's trouble flashed over her. She pushed aside the curtain, and called to him in a sharp tone of terror.

"Lionel!"

He turned back. He drew the curtain entirely away, and stood by her side. She caught his arm, clasping it convulsively.

"Is it a dreadful dream, or is it true?" she uttered, beginning to tremble. "Oh, Lionel, take care of me! Won't you take care of me?"

"I will take care of you as long as ever I may," he whispered, tenderly.

"You will not let him force me away from you? You will not give up Verner's Pride? If you care for me, you will not."

"I do care for you," he gently said, avoiding a more direct answer. "My whole life is occupied in caring for you, in promoting your happiness and comfort. How I *have* cared for you, you alone know."

She burst into tears. Lionel bent his lips upon her hot face.

"Depend upon my doing all that I can do," he said.

"Are you going to leave me by myself?" she resumed, in fear, as he was turning to quit the room. "How do I know but he may be bursting in upon me?"

"Is that all your faith in me, Sibylla? He shall not intrude upon you here; he shall not intrude upon you anywhere without warning. When he does come, I shall be at your side."

Lionel joined his guests at breakfast. His wife did not. With smiling lips and bland brow, he had to cover a mind full of intolerable suspense, an aching heart. A minor puzzle—though nothing compared to the puzzle touching the movements of Frederick Massingbird—was working within him, as to the movements of Captain Cannonby. What could have become of that gentleman? Where could he be halting on his journey? Had his halt anything to do with them, with this grievous business?

To Lionel's great surprise, just as they were concluding breakfast, he saw the close carriage driven to the door, attended by Wigham and Bennet. You may remember the latter name. Master Dan Duff had called him "Calves" to Mr. Verner. If Verner's Pride could not keep its master, it kept its servants. Lionel knew he had not ordered it; and he supposed his wife to be still in bed. He went out to the men.

"For whom is the carriage ordered, Bennet?"

"For my mistress, I think, sir."

And at that moment Lionel heard the steps of his wife upon the stairs. She was coming down, dressed. He turned in, and met her in the hall.

"Are you going out?" he cried, his voice betokening surprise.

"I can't be worried with this uncertainty," was Sibylla's answer, spoken anything but courteously. "I am going to make Deborah tell me all she knows, and where she heard it."

"But—"

"I won't be dictated to, Lionel," she querulously stopped him with. "I will go. What is it to you?"

He turned without a remonstrance, and attended her to the carriage, placing her in it as considerately as though she had met him with a wife's loving words. When she was seated, he leaned towards her.

"Would you like me to accompany you, Sibylla?"

"I don't care about it."

He closed the door in silence, his lips compressed. There were times when her fitful moods vexed him above common. This was one. When they knew not but the passing hour might be the last of their union, the last they should ever spend together, it was scarcely seemly to mar its harmony with ill-temper. At least, so felt Lionel. Sibylla spoke as he was turning away.

"Of course I thought you would go with me. I did not expect you would grumble at me for going."

"Get my hat, Bennet," he said. And he stepped in and took his seat beside her.

Courteously and smiling, as though not a shade of care were within ages of him, Lionel bowed to his guests as the carriage passed the breakfast-room windows. He saw that curious faces were directed to him; he felt that wondering comments, as to their early and sudden drive, were being spoken; he knew that the scene of the past evening was affording food for speculation. He could not help it; but these minor annoyances were as nothing, compared to the great trouble that absorbed him. The windows passed, he turned to his wife.

"I have neither grumbled at you for going, Sibylla; nor do I see cause for grumbling. Why should you charge me with it?"

"There! you are going to find fault with me again! Why are you so cross?"

Cross! He cross! Lionel suppressed at once the retort that was rising to his lips; as he had done hundreds of times before.

"Heaven knows, nothing was further from my thoughts than to be 'cross,'" he answered, his tone full of pain. "Were I to be cross to you, Sibylla, in—in—what may be our last hour together, I should reflect upon myself for my whole life afterwards."

"It is not our last hour together!" she vehemently answered. "Who says it is?"

"I trust it is not. But I cannot conceal from myself the fact that it may be so. Remember," he added, turning to her with a sudden impulse, and clasping both her hands within his in a firm, impressive grasp—"remember that my whole life, since you became mine, has been spent for you; in promoting your happiness; in striving to give you more love than has been given to me. I have never met you with an unkind word; I have never given you a clouded look. You will think of this when we are separated. And, for myself, its remembrance will be to my conscience as a healing balm."

Dropping her hands, he drew back to his corner of the chariot, his head leaning against the fair white watered silk, as if heavy with weariness. In truth, it was so; heavy with the weariness caused by carking care. He had spoken all too impulsively; the avowal was wrung from him in the moment's bitter strife. A balm upon his conscience that he had done his duty by her in love? Ay. For the love of his inmost heart had been another's—not hers.

Sibylla did not understand the allusion. It was well. In her weak and trifling manner, she was subsiding into tears when the carriage suddenly stopped. Lionel, his thoughts never free, since a day or two, of Frederick Massingbird, looked up with a start, almost expecting to see him.

Lady Verner's groom had been galloping on horseback to Verner's Pride. Seeing Mr. Verner's carriage and himself inside it, he had made a sign to Wigham, who drew up. The man rode up to the window, a note in his hand.

"Miss Verner charged me to lose no time in delivering it to you, sir. She said it was immediate. I shouldn't else have presumed to stop your carriage."

He backed his horse a step or two, waiting for the answer, should there be any. Lionel ran his eyes over the contents of the note.

"Tell Miss Verner I will call upon her shortly, Philip."

And the man, touching his hat, turned his horse round, and galloped back towards Deerham Court.

"What does she want? What is it?" impatiently asked Sibylla.

"My mother wishes to see me," replied Lionel.

"And what else? I know *that's* not all," reiterated Sibylla, her tone a resentful one. "You have always secrets at Deerham Court against me."

"Never in my life," he answered. "You can read the note, Sibylla."

She caught it up, devouring its few lines rapidly. Lionel believed it must be the doubt, the uncertainty, that was rendering her so irritable; in his heart he felt inclined to make every allowance for her; more perhaps than she deserved. There were but a few lines:—

"Do come to us at once, my dear Lionel! A most strange report has reached us, and mamma is like one bereft of her senses. She wants you here to contradict it; she says, she knows it cannot have any foundation.

"DECIMA."

Somehow the words seemed to subdue Sibylla's irritation. She returned the note to Lionel, and spoke in a hushed, gentle tone.

"Is it *this* report that she alludes to, do you think, Lionel?"

"I fear so. I do not know what other it can be. I am vexed that it should already have reached the ears of my mother."

"Of course!" resentfully spoke Sibylla. "You would have spared *her!*"

"I would have spared my mother, had it been in my power. I would have spared my wife," he added, bending his grave, kind face towards her, "that and all other ill."

She dashed down the front blinds of the carriage, and laid her head upon his bosom, sobbing repentantly.

"You would bear with me, Lionel, if you knew the pain I have here"—touching her chest. "I am sick and ill with fright."

He did not answer that he *did* bear with her, bear with her most patiently—as he might have done. He only placed his arm round her that she might feel its shelter; and, with his gentle fingers, pushed the golden curls away from her cheeks, for her tears were wetting them.

She went into her sister's house alone. She preferred to do so. The carriage took Lionel on to Deerham Court. He dismissed it when he alighted; ordering Wigham back to Miss West's, to await the pleasure of his mistress.

Lionel had, probably, obeyed the summons sooner than was expected by Lady Verner and Decima; sooner, perhaps, than they deemed he could have obeyed it. Neither of them was in the breakfast-room; no one was there but Lucy Tempest.

By the very way in which she looked at him, the flushed cheeks, the eager eyes, he saw that the tidings had reached her. She timidly held out her hand to him, her anxious gaze meeting his. Whatever may have been the depth of feeling entertained for him, Lucy was too single-minded not to express all she felt of sympathy.

"Is it true?" were her first whispered words, offering no other salutation.

"Is what true, Lucy?" he asked. "How am I to know what you mean?"

They stood looking at each other. Lionel waiting for her to speak; she, hesitating. Until Lionel was perfectly certain that she alluded to that particular report, he would not speak of it. Lucy moved a few steps from him, and stood nervously playing with the ends of her waist-band, the soft color rising deeper in her cheeks.

"I do not like to tell you," she said, simply. "It would not be a pleasant thing for you to hear, if it be not true."

"And still less pleasant for me, if it be true," he replied, the words bringing him conviction that the rumor they had heard was no other. "I fear it is true, Lucy."

"That—some one—has come back?"

"Some one who was supposed to be dead."

The avowal seemed to take from her all hope. Her hands fell listlessly by her side, and the tears rose to her eyes.

"I am so sorry!" she breathed. "I am so sorry for you, and for—for—"

"My wife. Is that what you were going to say?"

"Yes, it is. I did not like much to say it. I am truly grieved. I wish I could have helped it!"

"Ah! you are not a fairy with an all-powerful wand yet, Lucy, as we read of in children's books. It is a terrible blow, for her and for me. Do you know how the rumor reached my mother?"

"I think it was through the servants. Some of them heard it, and old Catherine told her. Lady Verner has been like any one wild; but for Decima, she would have started—"

Lucy's voice died away. Gliding in at the door, with a white face and drawn-back lips, was Lady Verner. She caught hold of Lionel, her eyes searching his countenance for the confirmation of her fears, or their contradiction. Lionel bent his face on hers.

"It's true, mother. Be brave for my sake."

With a wailing cry she sat down on the sofa, drawing him beside her. Decima entered and stood before them, her hands clasped in pain.

She, Lady Verner, made him tell her all the particulars: all he knew, all he feared.

"How does Sibylla meet it?" was her first question when she had listened to the end.

"Not very well," he answered, after a momentary hesitation. "Who could meet it well?"

"Lionel, it is a judgment upon her.—She—"

Lionel started up, his brow flushing.

"I beg your pardon, mother. You forget that you are speaking of my wife. She is my wife," he more calmly added, "until she shall have been proved not to be."

No. Whatever may have been Sibylla's conduct to him personally, neither before her face nor behind her back, would Lionel forget one jot of the respect due to her. Or suffer another to forget it; although that other should be his mother.

"What shall you do with her, Lionel?"

"Do with her?" he repeated, not understanding how to take the question.

"When the man makes himself known?"

"I am content to leave that time to the time," replied Lionel, in a tone that debarred further mention.

"I know no good would come of it," resumed Lady Verner, persistent in expressing her opinion. "But for the wiles of that girl you might have married happily, might have maried Mary Elmsley."

"Mother, there is trouble enough upon us just now without introducing old vexations," rejoined Lionel. "I have told you, before, that had I never set eyes upon Sibylla after she married Frederick Massingbird, Mary Elmsley would not have been my wife."

"If he comes back, he comes back to Verner's Pride?" pursued Lady Verner, in a low tone, breaking the pause which had ensued.

"Yes. Verner's Pride is his."

"And what shall you do? Turned, like a beggar out on the face of the earth?"

Like a beggar? Ay, far more like a beggar than Lady Verner, in her worst apprehension, could picture.

"I must make my way on the earth as I best can," he replied in answer. "I shall leave Europe. Probably for India. I may find some means, through my late father's friends, of getting my bread there."

Lady Verner appeared to appreciate the motive which no doubt dictated the suggested course. She did not attempt to controvert it; she only wrung her hands in passionate wailing.

"Oh, that you had not married her! that you had not subjected yourself to this dreadful blight!"

Lionel rose. There were limits of endurance even for his aching heart. Reproaches in a moment of trouble are as cold iron entering the soul.

"I will come in another time when you are more yourself, mother," was all he said. "I could have borne sympathy from you, this morning, better than complaint!"

He shook hands with her. He laid his hand in silence on Decima's shoulder with a fond pressure as he passed her; her face was turned from him, the tears silently streaming down it. He nodded to Lucy, who stood at the other end of the room, and went out.—But, ere he was half-way across the anteroom he heard hasty footsteps behind him.—He turned to behold Lucy Tempest, her hands extended, her face streaming down with tears.

"Oh, Lionel, please not to go away thinking nobody sympathises with you! I am so grieved: I am so sorry! If I can do anything for you, or for Sibylla, to lighten the distress, I will do it."

He took the pretty, pleading hands in his, bending his face until it was nearly on a level with hers. But, that emotion nearly overmastered him in the moment's anguish, the very consciousness that he might be free from married obligations, would have rendered his manner cold to Lucy Tempest.—Whether Frederick Massingbird was alive or not, *he* must be a man isolated from other wedded ties, so long as Sibylla remained on the earth. The kind young face, held up to him in its grief, disarmed his reserve. He spoke out to Lucy as freely as he had done in that long-ago illness, when she was his full confidant. Nay, whether from her looks, or from some lately untouched chord in his memory re-awakened, that old time was before him now, rather than the present. As his next words proved.

"Lucy, with one thing and another, my heart is half broken. I wish I had died in that illness. Better for me! Better—perhaps—for you."

"Not for me," said she, through her tears. "Do not think of me. I wish I could help you in this great sorrow!"

"Help from you of any sort, Lucy, I forfeited in my blind wilfulness," he hoarsely whispered. "God bless you!" he added, wringing her hands to pain. "God bless you forever."

She did not loose them. He was about to draw his hands away, but she held them still, her tears and sobs nearly choking her.

"You spoke of India. If it is that land that you will choose for your exile, go to papa. He may be able to do great things for you. And, if in his power, he *would* do them, for Sir Lionel Verner's sake. Papa longs to know you. He always says so much about you in his letters to me."

"You have never told me so, Lucy."

"I thought it better not to talk to you too much," she simply said. "And you have not been always at Verner's Pride."

Lionel looked at her, holding her hands still. She knew how futile it was to affect ignorance of truths in that moment of unreserve; she knew that her mind and its feelings were as clear to Lionel as though she had been made of glass, and she spoke freely in her open simplicity. She knew—probably—that his deepest love and esteem were given to her. Lionel knew it, if she did not; knew it to his very heart's core. He could only reiterate his prayer, as he finally turned from her—

"God bless you, Lucy, forever, and forever!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

CAPTAIN CANNONBY.

Deerham abounded in inns. How they all contrived to get a living, nobody could imagine. That they did jog along somehow, was evident; but they appeared to be generally as void of bustle as were their lazy sign boards, basking in the sun on a summer's day. The best in the place, one with rather more pretension to superiority than the rest, was the Golden Fleece. It was situated at the entrance to Deerham, not far from the railway station; not far either from Deerham Court: in fact, between Deerham Court and the village.

As Lionel approached it he saw the landlord standing at its entrance—John Cox. A rubicund man, with a bald head, who evidently did justice to his own good cheer, if visitors did not. Shading his eyes with one hand, he had the other extended in the direction of the village, as if he were pointing out the way to a strange gentleman who stood beside him.

"Go as straight as you can go, sir, through the village, and for a goodish distance beyond it," he was saying, as Lionel drew within hearing. "It will bring you to Verner's Pride. You can't mistake it: it's the only mansion thereabouts."

The words caused Lionel to cast a rapid glance at the stranger. He saw a man of some five-and-thirty or forty years, fair of complexion once, but bronzed now by travel, or other causes. The landlord's eyes fell on Lionel.

"Here is Mr. Verner!" he hastily exclaimed. "Sir"—saluting Lionel—"this gentleman was going up to you at Verner's Pride."

The stranger turned, holding out his hand in a free and pleasant manner to Lionel. "My name is Cannonby."

"I could have known it by the likeness to your brother," said Lionel, shaking him by the hand. "I saw him yesterday. I was in town, and he told me you were coming. But why were you not with us last night?"

"I turned aside on my journey to see an old military friend—whom, by the way, I found to be out—and did not get to Deerham till past ten," explained Captain Cannonby. "I thought it too late to invade you, so put up here until this morning."

Lionel linked his arm within Captain Cannonby's, and drew him onwards. The moment of confirmation was come. His mind was in too sad a state to allow of his beating about the bush: his suspense had been too sharp and urgent for him to prolong it now. He plunged into the matter at once.

"You have come to bring me some unpleasant news, Captain Cannonby. Unhappily, it will be news no longer. But you will give me the confirming particulars."

Captain Cannonby looked as if he did not understand. "Unpleasant news?" he repeated.

"I speak"—and Lionel lowered his voice—"of Frederick Massingbird. You know, probably what I would ask. How long have you been cognizant of these unhappy facts?"

"I declare, Mr. Verner, I don't know what you mean," was Captain Cannonby's answer, given in a hearty tone. "To what do you allude?"

Lionel paused. Was it possible that he—Captain Cannonby—was in ignorance? "Tell me one thing," he said. "Your brother mentioned that you had heard, as he believed, some news connected with me and—and my wife, in Paris, which had caused you to hurry home, and come down to Verner's Pride. What was that news?"

"The news I heard was, that Mrs. Massingbird had become Mrs. Verner. I had intended to find her out when I got to Europe, if only to apologize for my negligence in not giving her news of John Massingbird or his property—which news I could never gather for myself—but I did not know precisely where she might be. I heard in Paris that she had married you, and was living at Verner's Pride."

Lionel drew a long breath.

"And that was all?"

"That was all."

Then he was in ignorance of it! But, to keep him in ignorance was impossible. Lionel must ask confirmation or non-confirmation of the death. With low voice and rapid speech he mentioned the fears and the facts. Captain Cannonby gathered them in, withdrew his arm from Lionel's and stood staring at him.

"Fred Massingbird alive, and come back to England!" he uttered, in bewildered wonder.

"We cannot think otherwise," replied Lionel.

"Then, Mr. Verner, I tell you that it cannot be. It *cannot* be, you understand. I saw him die. I saw him laid in the grave."

They had not walked on. They stood there, looking at each other, absorbed in themselves, oblivious to the attention that might be fixed on them from any stray-passers-by. At that moment there were no passers-by to fix it: the bustle of Deerham only began with the houses, and, those, they had not yet reached.

"I would give all my future life to believe you," earnestly spoke Lionel; "to believe that there can be no mistake. For my wife's sake."

"There is no mistake," reiterated Captain Cannonby. "I saw him dead; I saw him buried. A parson, in the company halting there, read the burial service over him."

"You may have buried him, fancying he was dead," suggested Lionel, giving utterance to some of the wild thoughts of his imaginings. "And—forgive me for bringing forward such pictures—the mistake may have been discovered in time—and—"

"It could not be," interrupted Captain Cannonby. "I am quite certain he was dead. Let us allow, if you will, for argument's sake, that he was not dead when he was put into the ground. Five minutes' lying there, with the weight of earth upon him, would have effectually destroyed life; had any been left in him to destroy. There was no coffin, you must remember."

"No!"

"Parties to the gold-fields don't carry a supply of coffins with them. If death occurs *en route*, it has to be provided for in the simplest and most practical form. At least, I can answer that such was the case with regard to Fred Massingbird. He was buried in the clothes he wore when he died."

Lionel was lost in abstraction.

"He died at early dawn, just as the sun burst out to illumine the heavens, and at mid day he was buried," continued Captain Cannonby. "I saw him buried. I saw the earth shovelled in upon him; nay, I helped to shovel it. I left him there; we all left him, covered over; at rest, for good, in this world. Mr. Verner, dismiss this great fear; rely upon it that he was, and is, dead."

"I wish I could rely upon it!" spoke Lionel. "The fear, I may say the certainty, has been so unequivocally impressed upon my belief, that a doubt must remain until it is explained who walks about, bearing his outward appearance. He was a very remarkable looking man, you know. The black mark on his cheek alone would render him so."

"And that black mark is visible upon the cheek of the person who is seen at night?"

"Conspicuously so. This ghost—as it is taken for—has nearly frightened one or two lives away. It is very strange."

"Can it be anybody got up to personate Fred Massingbird?"

"Unless it be himself, that is the most feasible interpretation," observed Lionel. "But it does not alter the mystery. It is not only in the face and the black mark that the likeness is discernible, but in the figure also. In fact, in all points this man bears the greatest resemblance to Frederick Massingbird,—at least, if the eyes of those who have seen him may be trusted. My own butler saw him last night; the man passed close before him, turning his face to him in the moment of passing. He says there can be no doubt that it is Frederick Massingbird."

Captain Cannonby felt a little staggered. "If it should turn out to be Frederick Massingbird, all I can say is, that I shall never believe anybody's dead again. It will be like an incident in a drama. I should next expect my old father would come to life, who has lain these twelve years past at Kensall Green cemetery. Does Mrs. Verner know of this?"

"She does, unfortunately. She was told of it during my absence yesterday. I should have wished it kept from her, until we were at some certainty."

"Oh, come, Mr. Verner, take heart!" impulsively cried Captain Cannonby, all the improbabilities of the case striking forcibly upon him. "The thing is not possible; it is not indeed."

"At any rate your testimony will be so much comfort for my wife," returned Lionel, gladly. "It has comforted me. If my fears are not entirely dispelled, there's something done towards it."

Arrived at the Belvedere Road, Lionel looked about for his carriage. He could not see it. At that moment Jan turned out of the surgery. Lionel asked him if he had seen Sibylla.

"She is gone home," replied Jan. "She and Miss Deb split upon some rock, and Sibylla got into her carriage, and went off in anger."

He was walking away, with his usual rapid strides on his way to some patient, when Lionel caught hold of him. "Jan, this is Captain Cannonby. The friend who was with Frederick Massingbird when he died. He assures me that he is dead. Dead and buried. My brother, Captain Cannonby."

"There cannot be a doubt of it," said Cap-

tain Cannonby, alluding to the death. "I saw him die; I helped to bury him."

"Then who *is* it that walks about dressed up as his ghost?" debated Jan."

"I cannot tell," said Lionel, a severe expression arising to his lips. I begin to think with Captain Cannonby; that there can be no doubt that Frederick Massingbird is dead; therefore he, it is not. But that it would be undesirable, *for* my wife's sake, to make this doubt public, I would have every house in the place searched. Whoever it may be, he is concealed in one of them."

"Little doubt of that," nodded Jan. "I'll pounce upon him, if I get the chance."

Lionel and Captain Cannonby continued their way to Verner's Pride. The revived hope, in Lionel's mind, strengthened with every step they took. It did seem utterly impossible, looking at it from a practical, matter-of-fact point of view, that a man buried deep in the earth, and supposed to be dead before he was placed there, could come to life again.

"What a relief for Sibylla!" he involuntarily cried, drawing a long, relieved breath on his own score. "This must be just one of those cases, Captain Cannonby, when good Catholics, in the old days, made a vow to the Virgin, of so many valuable offerings, should the dread be removed, and turn out to have been no dread at all."

"Ay. I should like to be in at the upshot."

"I hope you will be. You must not run away from us immediately. Where's your luggage?"

Captain Cannonby laughed.

"Talk to a returned gold-digger of his 'luggage!' Mine consists of a hand portmanteau, and that is at the Golden Fleece. I can order it up here if you'd like me to stay with you a few days. I should enjoy some shooting beyond everything."

"That is settled then," said Lionel. "I will see that you have your portmanteau. Did you get rich at the Diggings?"

The captain shook his head.

"I might have made something, had I stuck at it. But I grew sick of it altogether. My brother, the doctor, makes a sight of money, and I can get what I want from him," was the candid confession.

Lionel smiled.

"These rich brothers in reserve are a terrible lag upon self-exertion. Here we are!" he added, as they turned in at the gates. "This is Verner's Pride."

"What a fine place!" exclaimed Captain Cannonby, bringing his steps to a halt as he gazed at it.

"Yes it is. Not a pleasant prospect, was it, to contemplate the being turned out of it by a dead man."

"A dead— You do not mean to say that Frederick Massingbird—if in life—would be the owner of Verner's Pride?"

"Yes, he would be. I was its rightful heir, and why my uncle willed it away from me, to one who was no blood relation, has remained a mystery to this day. Frederick Massingbird succeeded, to my exclusion. I only came into it with his death."

Captain Cannonby appeared completely thunderstruck at the revelation.

"Why, then," he cried, after a pause, "this may supply the very motive-power that is wanted, for one to perpetrate Fred Massingbird."

"Scarcely," replied Lionel. "No ghost, or seeming ghost, walking about in secret at night, could get Verner's Pride resigned to him. He must come forward in the broad face of day, and establish his identity by indisputable proof."

"True, true. Well, it is a curious tale! I should like, as I say, to witness the winding-up."

Lionel looked about for his wife. He could not find her. But few of their guests were in the rooms; they had dispersed somewhere or other. He went up to Sibylla's dressing-room, but she was not there. Mademoiselle Benoite was coming along the corridor as he left it again.

"Do you know where your mistress is?" he asked.

"Mais certainement," responded Mademoiselle. "Monsieur will find Madame at the archerie."

He bent his steps to the targets. On the lawn, flitting amidst the other fair archers, in her dress of green and gold, was Sibylla. All traces of care had vanished from her face, her voice was of the merriest, her step of the fleetest, her laugh of the lightest. Truly Lionel marvelled. There flashed into his mind the grieving face of another, whom he had not long ago parted from; grieving for their woes. Better for his mind's peace that these contrasts had not been forced so continually upon him!

Could she, in some unaccountable manner, have heard the consoling news that Cannonby brought? In the first moment, he thought it must be so: in the next, he knew it to be impossible. Smothering down a sigh, he went forward, and drew her apart from the rest; choosing that covered walk where he had spoken to her a day or two previously, regarding Mrs. Duff's bill. Taking her hands in his, he stood before her, looking with a reassuring smile into her face.

"What will you give me for some good news, Sibylla?"

"What about?" she rejoined.

"Need you ask? There is only one point upon which news could greatly interest either of us just now. I have seen Cannonby. He is here, and—"

"Here! At Verner's Pride!" she interrupted. "Oh, I shall like to see Cannonby: to talk over old Australian times with him."

Who was to account for her capricious moods? Lionel remembered the evening, during the very moon not yet dark to the earth, when Sibylla had made a scene in the drawing-room, saying she could not bear to hear the name of Cannonby, or to be reminded of the past days in Melbourne. She was turning to fly to the house, but Lionel caught her.

"Wait, wait, Sibylla! Will you not hear says there cannot be a doubt that Frederick Massingbird is dead. He left him dead and buried; as he told you in Melbourne. We have been terrified and pained—I trust—for nothing."

"Lionel, look here," said she, receiving the assurance in the same equable manner that she might have heard him assert it was a fine day, or a wet one, "I have been making up my mind not to let this bother worry me. That wretched old maid Deborah went on to me with such rubbish this morning, about leaving you, about Verner's Pride, that she vexed me to anger. I came home and cried; and Benoite found me lying upon the sofa; and when I told her what it was, she said the best plan was, not to mind, to meet it with a laugh instead of tears—"

"Sibylla!" he interposed, in a tone of pain. "You surely did not make a confidant of Benoite!"

"Of course I did," she answered, looking as if surprised at his question, his tone. "Why not? Benoite cheered me up, I can tell you, better than you do. 'What matter to cry?' she asked. 'If he does come back, you will still be the mistress of Verner's Pride.' And so I shall."

Lionel let go her hands. She sped off to the house, eager to find Captain Cannonby. He—her husband—leaned against the trunk of a tree, bitter mortification in his face, bitter humiliation in his heart. Was this the wife to whom he had bound himself for ever? Well could he echo in that moment Lady Verner's reiterated assertion, that she was not worthy of him. With a stifled sigh, that was more like a groan, he turned to follow her.

"Be still, be still!" he murmured, beating his hand upon his bosom, that he might still its pain. "Let me bear on, doing my duty by her always in love!"

That pretty Mrs. Jocelyn ran up to Lionel, and intercepted his path. Mrs. Jocelyn would have liked to intercept it more frequently than she did, if she had but received a little encouragement. She tried hard for it, but it never came. One habit, at any rate, Lionel Verner had not acquired, amid the many strange examples of an artificial age—that of not paying considerate respect, both in semblance and reality, to other men's wives.

"Oh, Mr. Verner, what a truant you are! You never come to pick up our arrows"

"Don't I," said Lionel, with his courteous smile. "I will come presently if I can. I am in search of Mrs. Verner. She is gone in to welcome a friend who has arrived."

And Mrs. Jocelyn had to go back to the targets alone.

But it is necessary to turn for an instant to Jan Verner.

There was a good deal of sickness at present in Deerham: there generally was in the autumn season. Many a time did Jan wish he could be master of Verner's Pride just for twelvemonths, or of any other "Pride" whose revenues were sufficient to remedy the evils existing in the poor dwellings: the ill accommodation, inside; the ill draining, out. Jan, had that desirable consummation arrived, would not have wasted time in thinking over it; he would have commenced the work in the same hour with his own hands. However, Jan, like most of us, had not to do with things as they might be, but with things as they were. The sickness was great, and Jan, in spite of his horse's help, was, as he often said, nearly worked off his legs.

He had been hastening to a patient when encountered by Lionel and Captain Cannonby. From that patient he had to hasten to others, in a succession of relays, as it were, all day long: sometimes his own legs in requisition, sometimes the horse's. About seven o'clock he got home to tea, at which Miss Deborah made him comfortable. Truth to say, Miss Deborah felt rather inclined to regard Jan as a son; to pet him as such. He had gone there a boy, and Miss Deb, though the years since had stolen on and on, had not allowed her ideas to keep pace with them. So do we cheat ourselves! There were times when a qualm of conscience came over Miss Deb. Not that she could alter it, poor thing! Remembering how hard Jan worked, and that her father took more than the lion's share of the profits, it appeared to her scarcely fair. All she could do was, to be as economical as possible, and to study Jan's comforts. Now and again she had been compelled to go to Jan for money, over and above the stipulated sum paid to her.—Jan gave it as freely and readily as he would have filled Miss Amilly's glass pot with castor oil. But Deborah West knew that it came out of Jan's own pocket; and, to ask for it, went terribly against her feelings and her sense of justice.

The tea was over. But she took care of Jan's. Some nice tea, and toasted tea-cakes, and a plate of ham. Jan sat down by the fire, and, as Miss Deb said, took it in comfort.—Truth to say, Jan had found only the remains of the tea-pot and stale bread-and-butter, he might have thought it comfortable enough for him: he would not have grumbled had he found nothing.

"Any fresh messages in, do you know, Miss Deb?" he inquired.

"Now do pray get your tea in peace, Mr. Jan, and don't worrit yourself over 'fresh messages,'" responded Miss Deb. "Master Cheese was called out to the surgery at tea-time, but I suppose it was nothing particular, for he was back again directly."

"Of course!" cried Jan. "*He'd* not lose his tea without a fight for it."

Jan finished his tea and departed to the surgery, catching sight of the coat-tails of Mr. Bitterworth's servant leaving it. Master Cheese was seated with the leech basin before him. It was filled with Orleans plums, at which he was eating with uncommon satisfaction. Liking variations of flavor in fruit, he occasionally diversified the plums with a large sour codlin apple, a dozen or so of which he had got stowed away in his trowsers' pockets. Bob stood at a respectful distance, his eyes wandering to the tempting collation, and his mouth watering. Amongst the apples Master Cheese had come upon one three parts eaten away by the grubs, and this he benevolently threw to Bob. Bob had disposed of it, and was now vainly longing for more.

"What did Bitterworth's man want?" inquired Jan of Master Cheese.

"The Missis is took bad again, he says," responded that gentleman, as distinctly as he could speak for the apples and the plums.—"Croup, or something. Not as violent as it was before. Can wait."

"You had better go up at once," was Jan's reply.

Master Cheese was taken aback.

"*I* go up!" he uttered, pulling a face as long as his arm. "All that way! I had to go to Baker's and to Flint's between dinner and tea."

"And to how many Bakers and Flints do I have to go between dinner and tea?" retorted Jan. "You know what to give Mrs. Bitterworth. So, start."

Master Cheese felt aggrieved beyond everything. For one thing, it might be dangerous to leave those cherished plums in the leech basin, Bob being within arm's length of them: for another, Master Cheese liked his ease better than walking. He cast some imploring glances at Jan, but they produced no effect, so he had to get his hat. Vacillating between the toll that might be taken of the plums if he left them, and the damage to his hair if he took them, he finally decided on the latter course. Emptying the plums into his hat, he put it on his head. Jan was looking over what they termed the call-book.

"Miss Deb says you were called out at tea-time," observed Jan, as Master Cheese was departing. "Who was it?"

"Nobody but old Hook. The girl was worse."

"What! Alice? Why have you not got it down here?" pointing to the book.

"Oh, they are nobody," grumbled Master Cheese. "I wonder the paupers are not ashamed to come here to our faces, asking for attendance and physic! They know they'll never pay."

"That's my business," said Jan. "Did he say she was very ill?"

"Took dangerous, *he* said," returned Master Cheese. "Thought she'd not live the night out."

Indefatigable Jan put on his hat, and went out with Master Cheese. Master Cheese turned leisurely towards Mr. Bitterworth's; Jan cut across the road at a strapping pace, and took the nearest way to Hook's cottage. It led him past the retired spot where he and the Reverend Mr. Bourne had found Alice lying, that former night.

Barely had Jan gained it when some tall, dark form came pushing through the trees at right angles, and was striding off to the distance. One single moment's indecision—for Jan was not sure at first in the uncertain light—and then he put his long legs to their utmost speed, bore down, and pinned the intruder.

"Now then!" said Jan. "Ghost or no ghost, who are you?"

He was answered by a laugh, and some joking words.

"Don't throttle me quite, Jan. Even a ghost can't stand that."

The tone of the laugh, the tone of the voice, fell upon Jan Verner's ears with the most intense astonishment. He peered into the speaker's face with his keen eyes, and gave vent to an exclamation. In spite of the whiskerless cheeks, the elaborate black mark, in spite of the strange likeness to his brother, Jan recognized the features, not of Frederick, but of John, Massingbird.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A VALUABLE HINT.

The following was sent by a correspondent to the editor of the Lady's Book:—

In severe cases of croup, pneumonia, or any irritation of the lungs and throat occasioning cough, a simple and almost certain remedy has been found effectual and one which lies within everbody's reach. It is loaf sugar of the pure kind, broken into lumps. For adults or those who prefer it, it may be taken in the lump, and suffered to dissolve in the mouth; but for young children, or those whose throat is too sore to swallow the sugar, let it be dissolved in cold water, making a thick, sweet syrup, and take a mouthful at a time very frequently. Two instances have come under my own notice, and I can answer for their truth. One was a babe of seven months, attacked with croup, who took half a tumbler of sweetened water in teaspoonsful doses in one hour, and who was relieved instantly of cough and oppression for breath. The other was a soldier suffering from pneumonia, whose cough was so violent as to cause him to raise blood, and who was relieved by eating the sugar in lumps. He prevented the paroxysms of coughing by taking the sugar as soon as he felt one coming, and since the first night he took it has never raised blood, which he had done with every spell of coughing for two weeks previous. The remedy was first used by a lady in Philadelphia, and afterwards recommended by one of our first physicians, who saw its success, and in his own practice was invariably satisfied with the result of using it. Remember, mothers who have croupy and delicate children, and live beyond the reach of a physician, the remedy lies in your own pantry, safe and certain. Use it. In croup it may be given frequently enough to act as an emetic, with good effect.

GENERAL MITCHELL'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE.—The chief contributions of Gen. Mitchell to Science, were:—

1. The application of electro-magnetism to the observation of right ascension of stars and perfecting this new mode of observation until it has been adopted in the principal observatories of the world.

2. Invention to determine the difference of declination with greater accuracy and rapidity than before.

3. Measurement of the double stars south of the equator in Struve's Catalogue.

4. Discovery of the double star Antares.

A STORY OF HARPER'S FERRY.

During the "dark days" of the rebellion, early in the summer of '61, Harper's Ferry was occupied in force by the rebels, and the Government was desirous to obtain a knowledge of the *status* of affairs there—an object not easily accomplished, on account of the constant and watchful care of the enemy, and the sharp severity accorded by the foe towards any one suspected as *a spy* in their camps. A young New England volunteer, Harry B——, presented himself one morning to a high military functionary in Washington, and proposed to undertake to learn what was going on at that place.

"It is a hazardous operation," said the official, gravely.

"I am aware of that," responded the youth, "but I take the chances."

"Your success shall be amply compensated," said the other. "If you are discovered, however, do you know the penalty?"

"Death!" replied the youth, firmly.

"You are right, young man. Go, then—and return assured of reward, if successful."

The young volunteer received his instructions, went to camp at the Relay House, and at dark he sallied forth, in citizen's dress, passing the outer pickets with the countersign and a cheerful "good night." At daybreak he reached the station from which the cars run up by the Ferry; and, occupying himself till afternoon, took the cars as a through passenger. Arriving at Harper's Ferry the train did not stop. He watched his opportunity, as the cars moved slowly round the curve, and dropped from the rear platform upon the road-side and crept into the woods.

The night was cloudy, and Harry had been crouching beneath a thick fir-tree a few moments, calculating what he should do next, when he heard footsteps approaching. It was the rebel guard! There were four of them. They came directly to the side of the tree where he lay concealed. But it was very dark. He felt safe.

"Hold on, Barker," said one. "Give us a light." Harry trembled, perceptibly!

"Hammond's come up to-day."

"Of the Third?" asked another.

"Yes, old Georgy's alive, an' the Third's out yonder, at the foot o' the lane."

A match was lighted—the glare fell upon the tree, through the branches of which Harry could plainly see the rebel's features—but he held his breath, and his presence there was not suspected!

"Got the countersign, Barker?"

"Yes, *Old Dominion*, forever!" said his companions; and they moved on and passed out of sight. Harry had the pass-word.

Thus armed, our volunteer hastened "down the lane," determined to see "Hammond," whoever he was.

"Halt! Who goes there?" shouted a sentinel.

"A friend," replied Harry.

"Advance friend, with the countersign."

"Old Dominion," said Harry, promptly.

"Right. Pass on, friend," was the cheering answer. "Which way?"

"I'm looking for *Hammond*. He's down here somewhere, I learned."

"Of the Georgia Third?"

"Yes," said Harry, "yes."

"Half a mile on you'll find the camp.—Good night."

He passed the guard safely, and soon found Hammond.

"Some mistake," said Harry, at a loss for other subterfuge. "Had you a relative?"

"Edward," said the rebel.

"Yes, 'Ned,' we used to call him."

"At Savannah?"

"Yes."

"Did you know poor Ned?"

"As well as I did my own brother." (Harry never had a brother.)

"He's a goner!"

"Dead?" exclaimed Harry.

"Killed at Vienna."

"Poor Ned! I would like to have seen him," continued Harry, "poor fellow."

"Well," come in," insisted secesh. "You were his friend—be *mine*. Come in." And into the little tent Harry pushed behind his new acquaintance, who was very anxious to do the honors to his brother's friend.

"What might I call you—"

"Smith," said Harry—(believing that he might as well be called by this as by any name.)

"Stopping long here, Smith?"

"No—no," replied Harry. (Indeed he intended to get away as soon as possible!)

"Take a drink—here's to poor Ned."

"To poor Ned," said Harry, gulping down the whiskey. And then he pumped his friend Hammond, discreetly, until he ascertained the strength of the enemy in that stronghold: who was in command; what was the artillery and field force; what were their designs at that time; how they were disposed, and what was their grand plan—and then he bade Mr. Hammond of the Georgia Third good night, inviting him to call upon him at the village next day.

Harry passed the guards again safely, crossed the bridge, walked three hours before daylight next morning, met the return train, came down towards the Relay, and, on the second evening after leaving, reached our outmost picket without a scratch. Next day he proceeded to Washington, waited on the Secretary, laid before him the facts he had learned, and, one week afterwards, I saw him with a first lieutenant's straps on his shoulders.

"Bravely earned!" said the official, when he presented him with his commission.

Harry B—— is now a Captain in the —th Regiment, and has proved one of the best and bravest soldiers in this war.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ Marshal P. Wilder, of Boston, whose pear orchard is unequalled in America, has not less than eight hundred varieties of pear trees, mostly of mature growth.

☞ It is strange! the turkeys in a raffle are *steaks*.

REMARKABLE SPEECH

BY A CONVERT TO THE REBELLION.

Gen. Pemberton, who was in the service of the Union when the rebellion broke out, but who turned traitor, went into the rebel army, and has superseded Van Dorn, recently made a speech, of which the following is a copy. His reference to the rebel Lovell, formerly of New York, as a street scavenger, is pungent.

Soldiers: In assuming command of so brave and intelligent an army as that to which President Davis has assigned me, I desire at once to win your confidence by frankly declaring that I am a northern man by birth; but I have married, raised children, and own negroes in the south, and, as such, shall never consent to see my daughters eating at the same table, or intermarrying with the black race, as the northern teachers of equality would have them. I take command of you as a soldier, who will not fear to lead where any brave man can follow. I am no *street scavenger*—no Gen. Lovell. [Cheers.] If any soldier in this command is aggrieved by an act of his superior officer, he must have no hesitation in applying to me personally for redress. The doors of my headquarters shall never be closed against the poorest and humblest soldier in my command. Come to me, if you suffer wrong, as fearlessly as you would charge the enemy's battery, and no orderly shall turn you off, or tell you, as has been too much the case in our army, that the General cannot see nor hear the complaints of his soldiers. [Applause.] In regard to the question of interference by Europe, we want no interference in our private quarrel. [Great applause.] We must settle the question ourselves, or fall entirely. The moment England interferes, she will find us a united people, and she will have to *meet with the armies of the South as well of the North.* [Cheers, and cries of "Yes, yes, yes," from every quarter. "No interference." "Let us settle it between us."] I am glad to see you thus united on this question; and with a reliance on ourselves, and a firm trust in the God of Battles, in a few days your General will again fling your banners to the breeze and march forward to retrieve the disasters we have suffered in this department.

NEWS ITEMS.

A PUBLISHERS' CONVENTION met at Indianapolis on the 25th. The papers of the chief Western cities were represented. A Western Associated Press was organized.—Resolutions looking to an increase of price were adopted.

MRS. VANE, a relative of Lord Cleveland, was burned to death at Leamington, England, recently. She had been sitting reading near the fire, and a cambric handkerchief in the fender left little doubt that her dress (mousseline de laine) had caught the flames, from its customary distension. The jury rendered a verdict of "accidental death."

THERE were two amendments to the Constitution of Wisconsin voted on at the last election. One was to increase the Governor's salary from $1,200 a year to $2,500, and the other was to reduce the rate of interest from 10 to 7 per cent. The latter was adopted and the former defeated.

A SPIRAL FLUTED NAIL.—The *London Builder* says a company has been formed to bring into practical use a spiral fluted nail, recently invented in England. They are fluted and twisted in a machine, and are manufactured as cheaply as common nails. The holding qualities of the nails are remarkable; no holes are required to be made before driving those of the largest size, and there is no danger of the board splitting, however near to the edge the nail is driven. The spiral point causes the nail to revolve as it advances, and its tenacity of holding is equal to that of a wood screw.

THE rebel Jackson is said to have preached a sermon to his troops a week ago, taking his text as follows from Joel, chapter 2d, verse 20:—"But I will remove far off from you the Northern army, and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the sea and his hinder part toward the utmost sea, and his stink shall come up, and his ill savor shall come up, because he hath done great things."

THE BOSTON PAPERS ADVANCE THEIR PRICES.—The *Boston Journal* and *Boston Transcript* have raised their prices respectively from *two* to *three* cents per copy, "in consequence (the *Journal* says) of the enormous advance in the price of printing paper, the Government tax on telegraphic messages, and the increased cost of almost everything entering into the composition of a daily newspaper. The *Transcript* assigns the same reasons, and adds that "No journal can be published at the old prices without a positive loss."

OATS FROM SWEDEN.—Dr. Charles A. Leas, United States Consul at Stockholm, Sweden, who has just returned to this country, has submitted to Commissioner Newton, of the Department of Agriculture, a sample of black oats, brought from the above-mentioned city, of unusual plumpness and solidity, weighing over forty pounds to the bushel. The Commissioner has, we learn, given orders to Hon. Jacob S. Haldeman, Minister resident at Sweden, to procure and forward a quantity for dissemination in season of spring sowing. The seed oats now in the country are in many cases greatly deteriorated, and the species ordered will, it is supposed, prove an acquisition of great value to the country.

A SUIT has just been decided in the Supreme Court, at Boston, in which it was held that sellers of coal must have the coal weighed by a sworn weigher, and the certificate of weight delivered to the buyers, in order to make a valid sale and maintain an action for the same against the buyers.

A SMALL package of diamonds, ordered from a house in New York, by a firm in Washington, was found, after a long search, under the flooring of an Express office, in the former city. It had been carried away by a rat, attracted by paste on the package.

AN EAST-INDIA NABOB.—The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has become the proprietor of the Hatherop Castle and estate, situate on the Cotswold Hills, about nine miles from Cirencester, in East Gloucestershire. The estate comprises nearly 5,400 acres, with a rental (exclusive of the mansion, woods and lands in hand,) of about £7,000 per annum. The price paid, it is said, was £225,000. It is said that Hatherop Castle is to be considerably enlarged, and that his highness intends to maintain a large establishment.

THE census returns of manufacturing establishments in New York, reveal the astonishing fact that more capital is employed in carrying on the printing trade than in any other business, the amount being over eight and a half millions! Over six thousand persons are employed in printing, and the various establishments use up about $5,000,000 worth of raw material, ink, paper, &c., per annum, producing over $11,000,000 worth of books, papers, &c.

THE QUOTA OF MINNESOTA.—The *St. Paul Press*, of the 9th, announces that the quotas for that state under the calls for volunteers and drafted men, are entirely filled by voluntary enlistments. No draft in Minnesota will therefore be required.

THE IRON-CLADS.—Five of the new iron-clads are ready for sea. Each is armed with a 15-inch gun, the effect of which, upon a fortress, is yet to be demonstrated by experiment. A 450-pound ball will make things fly where it hits.

WHEN Morgan, the guerilla chief made his late raid into Kentucky, he called at the Trappist monastery at Gethsemene, and ordered the Abbot to surrender his horses for the use of the chivalry. Accordingly one of the brothers led out before the indignant chief two miserable jades, which looked as if they had fasted more than their masters. Morgan turned away in disgust and asked of the Abbot if he had no other horses? The Abbot replied in the negative. "But," said Morgan, "I know that you had some fine horses a short time ago." "Oh, so I had," said the kind father, "but I heard that you were coming and I sold them!" Morgan laughed and left the monastery.

A CASE of fatal poisoning from chloroform, taken internally, is reported in a late number of the *London Times* and *Medical Gazette*. This is said to be the first instance of the kind on record. The quantity taken could not be ascertained. The patient was at first, for several hours, insensible, and as though under the ordinary effects of the anæsthetic when inhaled. He then recovered his sensibility, but died under the violent reaction which ensued. The chloroform was swallowed as a remedy for sleeplessness, and was effectual.

THE Court of Assizes of Brabant recently fined a Duke 1,500 francs for non-attendance as a juryman.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour is dull and drooping, and with increased receipts and stocks on sale, some holders have submitted to a decline of 12½@25c ₱ bbl. Sales for shipment reach some 8000 bbls at $6@6,25 for common and good superfine; $6,50@7 for extras, mostly at the former rate for low grade western, and $7@7,50 for family, as in quality, including about 3500 bbls chiefly City Mills extra, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been moderate within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $8 to 9 ₱ bbl for fancy brands as to quality. Rye Flour is less active, with small receipts and sales to note at $5,50@6 ₱ bbl, *the latter for good City Mills.* Corn Meal is but little *inquired for*; Pennsylvania is held at $3,50 and Brandywine at $4 ₱ bbl, without sales.

GRAIN—The market for Wheat has been dull and unsettled, and prices 3@4c lower, with sales of some 37,000 bushels only to notice at $1,40@1,46 for good and choice western and Pennsylvania reds—chiefly at $1,41@1,43 in store and afloat, including amber at $1,44@1,48, southern red at $1,46@1,48, and white at $1,55@1,85, as in quality, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye comes in slowly, and meets with a steady demand at 95@97c for Pennsylvania and 90@91c for Delaware. Corn is firmer, and about 35,000 bushels yellow have been taken, mostly at 73c for prime lots afloat, including some in store at 74@75c, and white at 73@75c, as in quality. Oats are dull, and about 30,000 bushels found buyers at 40@41c for southern, and 40@42c for Pennsylvania, as to weight. Barley continues firm, with sales of Pennsylvania and western at $1,35@1,50, the latter for prime, and Barley Malt at $1,50.

PROVISIONS—The demand for bbls Meats continues limited, and prices are steady at $13@13,50 for Mess Pork, and $12@15 for Western and city Mess Beef. Of Bacon the sales are mostly confined to bagged Hams at 9@11c for shipment South. Shoulders are dull at 5¼@5¾c, and Sides at 6¾@6¾c. Green Meats are nearly nominal, with a light stock to operate in. A few Shoulders sold at 4¾c, and 1000 pieces Sides, in salt, on terms kept private. Lard comes forward slowly, and country is selling at 9@10c cash. Western is held higher, but there is little or no stock here. Butter is less active at 18@22c for Roll, and 15@24c for packed, the latter for choice dairies. Cheese is steady at 10¼@11¾c ₱ lb. Eggs are better, and selling at 22c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled and lower, and prices have fallen off 3@4c ₱ lb, from the highest point; some 300 bales found buyers in small lots, at 63@67c, cash, closing at 66@67c for middlings.

ASHES—The market for both Pots and Pearls is firm, and the sales limited.

BARK—Quercitron is arriving more freely, but the demand has fallen off and a few small lots only have found buyers at $37 for 1st No 1, at which rate it is now held. A sale of a better brand was also made at $40 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark the receipts and sales are moderate at $14@16 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX continues scarce and high, with small sales of Yellow at 41@42c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is an active demand for Anthracite, and prices are fully sustained and firm. For home use there is also an active demand at fully former rates.

COFFEE—The stock on sale continues very light, and the market firm but quiet, with sales of some 900 bags at 30½@33c for Rio, and 29@31c for Laguayra, on time; the demand is limited.

COPPER continues steady but quiet. Of yellow metal sales are making at 27c for sheets, and 30c for bolts, on time.

FEATHERS continues scarce and high; good Western selling at 48@52c, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT—The sales are fair at $2@2¼ for Apples and 9@11 ₱ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Fruit is arriving and selling more freely at 4@5c for Apples, and 4@6c for unpared Peaches.

HAY is in good demand, Timothy selling from the yards at 75@85c ₱ 100 lbs.

HEMP is firm but quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are in steady request and firm at 20@24c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is very little Pig Metal offering; sales of 10,000 tons Anthracite are reported in lots, mostly 1 and 2, at $30@32 for the two numbers, cash and time, which figures are now refused by some, including 1000 tons at our highest figures, 4 mos; 500 tons White No 3 at 28, cash, and 1500 tons Forge at a very full rate, exact terms not public. For Manufactured Iron the the demand continues very active and prices are tending upward.

LEAD—A sale of Galena was made last week at 8¾ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—The market is firm, and White Pine Boards are in steady demand at full prices; Yellow Sap Boards range at $15@17, with sales of 60,000 at the latter figure. Laths are wanted, and a cargo sold at $1,38 ₱ M, which is an advance. In cooperage stuff we hear of sales of Red Oak bbd Staves at $30; bbl do at $20, and White Oak bbl do at $25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is dull with light sales at about previous quotations, including 150 bbls New Orleans, mostly at 42½c, cash.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and soft is wanted at $3 ₱ ton.

RAGS are in request and scarce. An invoice of 380 bales Leghorn sold at 6c for No 4; 7c for No 3; 8c for No 2, and 9¼c for No 1, net cash.

RICE—There is very little offering or selling, and Rangoon is taken in a small way at 7¾@7¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is a steady demand for Clover-seed, with further sales of 900 bus at $6,25@6,50, mostly at $6,35@6,40 ₱ bus. Timothy ranges at $1,62½@2,25, with but little offering. A sale was made at $1,87½ ₱ bus. Flaxseed continues scarce, and sells on arrival at $2,85@2,90 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin move off as wanted, and command full prices. N E Rum is steady at 53@55c, the latter in a small way. Whiskey is more active, and bbls have been taken to some extent, mostly Ohio, at 40c. Drudge is firm at 38c.

SUGARS are dull. A few small sales only are reported at 10@10¼c for Cuba; 10½@11c for Porto Rico, and 10½@11¼c for New Orleans, cash and time.

TALLOW is inactive at 11@11¼c for city, and 10½c for country Rendered.

TOBACCO remains quiet and the sales of all kinds are limited, owing to the reduced state of the stock.

WOOL—The market for this staple is quiet but firm; sales reach about 150,000 lbs, in lots, at 67@70c for medium and coarse; 68@69c for fine, and 72@76c for tub, net cash, the latter for good.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1767 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 9¼ cts ₱ lb, 50 Cows brought from $18 to 80 ₱ head. 2800 Sheep were sold at 5@5¾c ₱ lb, gross. 760 Hogs brought from $6,00 to 6,75 ₱ cwt.

THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING.

The fact that the cost of living has greatly increased, in sympathy with the rising values of all other commodities since the rebellion broke out, has already made itself so generally felt by our people, that an announcement of it will scarcely be regarded as news at this late day. The cause may be generally traced to the disturbance of all the functions of government caused by the rebellion, though other causes have operated in the result. In the article of coal, for instance, the rise was a legitimate reaction from the low prices of the previous seasons of rivalry among the large transportation companies, who were furnishing it rather below the cost of mining and transporting it to market. The freshet during the summer also disabled most of the lines for several weeks, thus diminishing the supply by the amount that would have been carried; and then the draft among the miners for the war, and the enormous amounts taken up by the government for naval and other purposes, diverted a large quantity from the usual channels. In other commodities, the internal revenue tax, the high premium on gold and foreign exchange, together with a rising spirit of speculation have altogether tended to inflate prices, while the cost of labor appears not to have kept pace with the advance. It is, however, a subject for rejoicing that our political disturbances, while they have in a great degree produced this result, have also created a large demand for products in every branch of human industry, and furnished employment to all. It is a noteworthy fact that there are fewer people idle the " here were before the war, though their remuneration must be husbanded with an economy to which they have not been hitherto accustomed.

As the subject is of such general interest just now, we publish below a list of prices now, compared with those which ruled at former periods:—

DRY GOODS.

	Prices 18 mos. ago.	Prices at present.
Heavy bro. sh'ting 4-4	8 & 9	25 & 28
" blea. "	9-4 31 & 35	56 & 65
" " "	10-4 37½	75
Fine bro. sh'ting 4-4	9 & 10	20 & 25
" blea. "	11 & 14	23 & 25
Heavy " "	12½	25
Canton flannels,	12½	31
Tickings,	12½	37½
"	18½	56
Denims,	10 & 12	28
Bro. drills, heavy,	9 & 10	30 & 35
Col. cambrics,	6 & 8	14 & 16
Paper "	10 & 12	18 & 20
Prints,	10 & 12	18 & 20
Domestic ginghams,	12½	30
Delaines,	15 & 18	25 & 31
Flannels (domestic)	15, 30 & 25	35 & 45
" white, all wool,	25, 30, 37, 50	37, 50 & 75
Col. twilled flannels,	31 & 37½	50 & 56
Shaker flannels,	37½ & 50	65 & 80
French merinos,	62, 75 & 1.00	1.00 1.25 1.75
Coburgs,	18, 25 & 37	37, 50 & 62
Valencias and fancy dress goods,	18 & 44	31 & 75
Spool cotton, per doz.,	45	90
Black silks,	30 to 50 per ct.	increase.
Plain colored silks,	50 "	"
Broche shawls,	50 to 100 "	"
Plaid shawls,	25 to 40 "	"
Blankets (common)	100 "	"
" (good quality)	30 to 50 "	"
Cloths,	50 "	"
Cassimeres,	30 to 50 "	"
Satinets,	50 "	"
Kentucky jeans,	50 "	"
Hosiery and gloves	25 to 50 "	"

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

	Nov. 1861.	Apl. 1862.	Nov. '62.
Flour—			
Good br'ds, bbl.	$7.00a7.75	$6.75a7.25	$8.25a8.75
Extra " "	8 00	7.50a7.75	8.50a9.50
Rye flour, cwt.,	2.50a2.75	2.38a2.50	3.00
Buckwheat, cwt.	2.25a2.38	2.25a2.60	3.30a3.75
Yellow meal "	1.70	1.60	1.88
White meal "	1.80	1.80	1.95
Sugars—			
Yellow, 7 lbs.,	70c	64a66c	84c
White, "	75a78c	72a74c	94a96c
Crushed and granulated,	80c	78c	$1
Molasses—			
Porto Rico, gal.,	45a50c	50c	60c
New Orleans, "	60c	60c	55a60c
Syrups, "	45a50c	45a50c	50a75c
Butter, lb.,	22a26c	22a28c	24a30c
Coffee, roasted,	20a25c	25a30c	34a40c
" green,	20a25c	23a28c	32a35c
Fruits—			
Currants, lb.,	12c	12c	15c
Citron,	50a60c	30a50c	50c
Raisins,	15a18c	12a15c	16a20c
Prunes,	10c	10a12c	16c
Cranberries, qt.,	10a12c		10a15c
Beans, qt.,	8a10c	9a10c	12c
Teas—			
Black, lb.,	50a80c	75ca$1	75ca$1
Green,	60ca$1.20	80ca$1.20	$1a1.40
Rice,	8c	8c	9a10c
Hominy,	4c	4c	4c
Ham,	10a12c	10a11c	12c
Cheese,	10c	10c	12c
Lard,	10a12c	10a12c	12a14c
Cocoa, package,	16c	16c	18c
Chocolate, "	28a30c	28a30c	28a30c
Kerosene, gal.,	60c	34c	$1
Fluid, gal.,	—	72c	$1.20

CENTRE MARKET.

	Nov. 1861.	April. 1863.	Nov. 1863.
Mercer potatoes, bus.,	62½c	$1	87c
Sweet do	$1.25	—	75c
Apples, ₩ bbl	$3a3.50	$3.50a5	$1.25a1.50
Cauliflower, head,	12a18c	—	15a25c
Celery, bunch,	10c	8c	10c
Oysterplant, bunch,	10c	8c	10c
Eggs, doz.,	24c	18a30c	30c
Chickens, lb	12a14c	16c	12c
Turkeys & ducks, lb,	14a16c	17a18c	14c
Hay, cwt.,	60a70c	65a70c	80a95c
Straw, cwt.	45a50c	50a55c	50a60c

Meats and fish are about the same prices.

ARTICLES OF GENERAL USE.

	For centage of advance.
Fuel,	100
Rents,	20a 25
Clothing,	10a 25
Shoes,	50
Jewelry,	10
Hats,	25
Medicines,	50a100
Boots,	10a 20
Rubber goods,	25a 40
House furnishing goods,	25
Tobacco,	25a 50
Liquors—Foreign,	150
Domestic,	100
School books,	25
Miscellaneous books,	20
Hardware—American goods,	25
Imported do.	35
Cutlery,	25a 35
Stoves and tin ware,	15
Paper,	100
Stationery,	100
Gold,	30
Foreign exchange,	33

Real estate, rents, &c., remain at about the same standard as before.

GEN. ROSECRANS.—W. D. B., of the Cincinnati Commercial, is Assistant Provost Marshal General at General Rosecrans' headquarters, and has charge of the female department. Occasionally a refractory female breaks away from Captain B., and insists on seeing the General. One of these approached on one occasion, and began with a pitiful story in regard to her "poor, dear, sick uncle."

"I meddle with you, madam," said the General, in that quiet way of his. "It is unfortunate that uncles will sometimes get seriously indisposed. I, too, have a dear, afflicted uncle."

"Then you can sympathize with me," she said.

"Yes, madam, I do, and when my Uncle Sam gets over his present serious indisposition I will give you a pass."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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RESOLUTIONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.—At the recent State Convention of the Baptist Church in Harrisburg the following resolutions were unanimously reported by the Committee on the State of the Union, and they were unanimously adopted by the Convention without discussion:

Resolved, That this Convention, representing forty thousand of the citizens of Pennsylvania, mindful, in the present national crisis, of our own solemn duties to our country and our God, hereby declare our profound conviction of the intimate relation there is between the cause of human liberty and the cause of pure religion, and also our set purpose as citizens, as Christians, and as Christian ministers, to employ our whole influence in supporting the supremacy of our National Constitution against all enemies whatever.

Resolved, That as the institution of Slavery stands before the world as the confessed feeding source of the present mighty and wicked rebellion against our National Constitution, we most heartily approve of the President's Proclamation of Emancipation without modification in substance, and without change of time in its execution.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, duly authenticated, be forwarded to the President of the United States.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st of July last, by the Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. ELVA T. FRAMBES, to Miss BELLE J. STEVENS, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. PHILIP C. FORD, to Miss LAVINIA K. STRATTON, both of this city.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, JOHN B. KLINE, to ANNIE E. CROASDALE, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Dani. L. Patterson, Mr. CONRAD SMITH, to Miss JULIA WINKLER, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. JOHN H. CONWAY, of Boston, Mass. to Miss SUSAN J. ELDRIDGE, of this city.

On the 9th of Oct. by the Rev. Jos. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON, to Miss AMANDA SNYDER, both of this city.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, Mr. WILLIAM H. GROVE, to Miss A. E. MCCONNELL, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. C. Maddock, GEORGE C. PRICE, of Camden, N. J., to Miss SALLIE J. MURPHY, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Division Hospital, near Corinth, Miss., May 16, 1863, HENRY HAMMAND COLE, private in 18th regiment Wis. Vol., aged 20 years, and also at Eureka, Wis., Nov. 17th, LEANDER L., both sons of Eddy and Mary A. Cole, of Eureka, Wis., and formerly of West Troy, Albany county, N. York.

At the Continental Hotel, on the 20th ultimo, EDMUND A. MERCH, in his 33d year.

On the 23d ultimo, at Natrona, Alleghany co., Pa., CAROLINE J. wife of Henry Pemberton, and daughter of the late Saml. Hollingsworth.

On the 24th ultimo, THOMAS SIMPSON, in his 62d year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. MARY SMART, wife of David Smart, aged 70 years.

On the 25th ultimo, ANNE, wife of Jas. Semple, aged 35 years.

On the 24th ultimo, GEORGE W. LEVERING, in his 37th year.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. PHOEBE DAVIS, wife of Wm. Davis, Sr. in her 70th year.

At Camp, near Occoquan, Va. on the 22d ultimo, Gen. FRANCIS E. PATTERSON, U. S. Volunteers, in his 42d year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. MARY NORMAN, in her 68th year.

On the 23d ultimo, GEORGE CRESS, Sr. a soldier of 1812, in his 70th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 29, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 dis
Canada	20 prem.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	3 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	1 dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	90 dis.
Indiana	4 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	5 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	10 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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No. 12. Bound in Morocco, gilt edges, with two clasps, holding 40 Portraits, 4.25
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No. 19. Bound in Velvet, Gilt Mountings, with two clasps, for 30 Portraits, 6.00
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No. 21. Bound in Velvet, Gilt Mountings, with two clasps, for 50 Portraits, 7.00

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DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A notorious scamp was brought, not long ago, before an Onondaga justice of the peace. He was accused of having "come the strap-game" over a native. The portly justice, wishing to decide understandingly, requested the culprit to give him a sample of his skill.

"The party" instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the bench, and remarked:

"You see, judge, the quarter under the strap?"

"What!" interrupted the dignified functionary; "do you mean to say that there is a quarter there?"

"Sartin," was the reply.

"No such a thing," said the justice.

"I'll go you a dollar on it," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Agreed," said the justice.

With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was a quarter.

"Well done," said the astonished Shallow, "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. There is your dollar, and you are fined five dollars for gambling, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided!"

The elongated countenance of the discomfited gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of "the sell."

A Scotch Minister "Done."—In common with the rest of the world, Dr. M———, an eminent Church of Scotland divine, visited the International Exhibition. Shortly after his arrival in the metropolis, an Irishman came running to him in the street, crying,

"Och, blessings on ye, Docther M———! How are yez?"

"I'm very well," replied the doctor, rather dryly.

"And when did yez come to London?"

"Last week; but how do you come to know me?"

"Give me a shilling and I'll tell yez.

The doctor, curious to know how the fellow found his name out, gave him the shilling, and was answered by the Irishman,

"Sure, then, and I saw your name on your umbrella."

Model Sword Presentation.—At the presentation of a pistol to a brave Connecticut Corporal, the orator apostrophized as follows:—

"Corporal, my heart is full. These times try the hearts of us all, as well as our pockets. My words must be few, and to the purpose. Take this weapon and go in. Give them Jessie, and John Charles also. Say you will. Resolve that it is a big thing, and that you can see it. Shoot at it. Smite them hip and thigh, and pay no regard to camphene or brickbats. But beware of old Bourbon. Do your duty, John. Keep out of drafts. Don't go off half cocked; and keep your pistol pointed from you."

The Corporal, on receiving the weapon, was too much affected to make a formal reply, but promised that the pistol should speak for him.

Lord Dundreary Makes a Conundrum.—Now I weckomember, I made thuch a jolly widdle the other day on the Ethplanade. I thaw a fellow with a big New Foundland dog, and he inthpired me—the dog, you know—not the fellah—he wath a lunatic.—I'm keeping the widdle, but I don't mind telling, Mr. Editor.

Whyth does a dog waggle hith tail?

Give it up? I think moth fellahs will give that up!

You thee the dog waggles hith tail, becauth the dog's stwonger than the tail. If he wathn't the tail would waggle the dog!

Ye—eth—tha'th what I call a widdle. If I can only wemollect him I shall athonish two girls thome of these days.

He Surrendered.—An amusing little incident occurred during the battle of Newtonia, Mo. The fight being rather hotly contested, an officer became very thirsty, and repaired to a spring near by to get a draft of cool water. Kneeling down he drank from the spring, without the aid of a cup. As he arose from this refreshing tod, he sat himself fair and square upon his own heels, which were armed with a pair of tremendous Mexican spurs. The instant he felt the prick of the sharp rowels, he thought the enemy were upon him and a bayonet entering his flesh. When some of his men arrived, he was bawling, "Oh, I surrender! I surrender!" at the top of his voice. The Articles of War do not admit of stating his name.

A Cautious Youth.—"Sally," said a green youth in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a feet, perhaps more: "Sally, afore we go into this 'ere museum to see the boa constructor, I want to ask you somethin'."

"Well, Ichabod, what is it?"

"Why you see this ere business is a gwine to cost a quarter a-piece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nuth'n. Now, if you'll have me, darn'd ef I don't pay the whole on't myself. I will, posstiv-vily?"

Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid down the "hull on't."

☞ "Napoleon once told me," says Jomini, "that he knew no method of conducting a war except to march twenty-five miles a day, to fight, and then to encamp in quiet."

☞ He who would avoid sin must not stand at the door of temptation.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Moliere, the "Father of French Comedy," being in a delicate state of health left Paris, and retired to his villa at Auteuil, to pass a short time. One day, Boileau, accompanied by Chapelle, Lulli, De Jonsac, and Nantouillet, came to visit him. Moliere could not join them, on account of his illness, but he gave the keys of the house to Chapelle, and begged him to do the honors for him. Chapelle acquitted himself of this task in such a manner, that at supper not one of them was sober. They began to discuss the most serious matters, and at last, having impiously decided that the greatest good was never to have been born, and the next to die as soon afterwards as possible, they resolved, shocking as the proposition may sound, to go in a body and drown themselves in the Seine. In the meanwhile, Moliere, who had retired to his chamber, was informed of this state of affairs; and, invalid as he was, he hastened to join the mad party. Seeing how far gone they all were, he did not attempt to reason them out of their determination, but demanded what he had done that they should think of destroying themselves without him.

"He is right," cried Chapelle: "we have been unjust towards him; he shall be drowned with us."

"One moment, if you please, though," observed the dramatist. "This is the last act of our lives, and not to be undertaken rashly; if we drown ourselves at this hour of the night, people will say we were drunk, and we shall lose all merit. Let us wait until the morning; and then, in broad daylight and upon empty stomachs, we will throw ourselves in the river in the face of our fellow-creatures."

This was, after some demur, approved of; and the next morning, bad as the world was allowed to be, no one thought it bad enough to quit it.

Sir Thomas More also displayed great presence of mind. "It happened one day," says Aubry, "that a Mad Tom of Bedlam came up to Sir Thomas, as he was contemplating, according to his custom, on the leads of the gate-house of his palace at Chelsea, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, crying: 'Leap, Tom, leap!' The chancellor was in his gown, and besides, ancient and unable to struggle with such a strong fellow. My lord had a little dog with him. 'Now,' said he, 'let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be.' So the dog was thrown over. 'Is not this fine sport?' said his lordship; 'let us fetch him up and try it again.' As the madman was going down, my lord fastened the door, and called for help."

With this may be coupled the anecdote of the physician who, when the patients of a lunatic asylum found him on top of the building, and proposed as good sport to make him jump down to the bottom, saved his life by recommending, as an improvement on the idea, that he should walk down stairs with him, and see him jump from the bottom of the building to the top.

THE MUTILATION OF DOGS.

It seems that Sir Edwin Landseer, one of the judges at the dog show in London, England, endeavored to exclude all dogs that had been mutilated by ear-cropping or otherwise. The principal reason (says a correspondent) for Sir Edwin Landseer's protest is, that the cropping of ears is most cruel and hurtful to the dog. The cruelty complained of is not in the operation; that, after all, is a small matter. It consists in depriving the animal of a defence which nature has given to it against the entrance of earth and sand into the ears. The entrance of these into the ears distresses the dog much, causing deafness, abscesses and cancer. All dogs, more or less, require to be protected from sand and earth by overlapping ears; but especially do terriers, literally "earth dogs," the species which, of all others, is most persecuted by cropping. They go into a burrow, their ears get full of sand, and they suffer ever afterward.

Surely Sir Edwin Landseer is right in saying that judges of dogs ought not to sanction such gross treatment of the animal, and that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should look to the practice. The only excuse that can be set up for the system is a delusive one. It is said that fighting dogs fare better with their ears cropped, and the exigencies of fighting dogs have set the fashion for all others. It is true that if an ear be gone it cannot be torn; but then it is forgotten that even for fighting purposes the ear is often a protection. All these fighting dogs have what are called "points;" one has a way of seizing the leg, another fixes upon the throat, and yet another makes a dash at the large gland behind the ear, which in the dog is as sensitive as the most sensitive gland in the human body. Deprive the dog of his ear, and the assailant can get a good bite of it and lay his adversary low. Leave the dog his ear, and the assailant's grasp of the sensitive gland is impeded by the folds of the ear, and rendered much more feeble. Thus, even to the fighting dog, the long ear is a positive defence.

What's the Cause?—A husband having been *left* by the partner of his cares, at an early day called to investigate the matter, and went at the business in a categorical manner, as follows:

"Haven't you always had good maple wood, all split up, in the cellar?"

"Yes," said the fugitive lady.

"Hain't you always had," he continued, rather excited, "a new milch cow, and good carrots?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, *what's the cause?* Did I ever strike you with a billet of wood, or knock you down with a hoe handle?"

"No."

"Then what in the mischief *is* the cause?"

THE EXHIBITION—CONSEQUENCES OF A CRUSH.

Perplexed Farmer.—"You haven't seen such a thing as my old woman about, have you, Mr. Policeman?"

The Parsee, Jew, and Christian.

A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and beheld the sacred fire.

"What!" said he to the priest, "do you worship the fire?"

"Not the fire," answered the priest; "it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of his genial heat."

"Do you, then, worship the sun as your god?" asked the Jew. "Know ye not that this luminary, also, is but a work of that Almighty Creator?"

"We know it," replied the priest; "but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign, in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun, the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invisible Being who blesses and preserves all things?"

"Do your people, then," rejoined the Israelite, "distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their god, and descending even from this to a baser object, they kneel before an earthly flame! Ye amuse the outward but blind the inward eye; and while ye hold to them the earthly ye withdraw from them the heavenly light! 'Thou shalt not make unto thyself any image or any likeness.'"

"How do you designate the Supreme Being?" asked the Parsee.

"We call him Jehovah Adonis, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be," answered the Jew.

"Your appellation is grand and sublime," said the Parsee; "but it is awful, too."

A Christian then drew nigh and said:

"We call Him Father."

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other and said:

"Here is at once an image and a reality: it is a word of the heart."

Therefore they all raised their eyes to heaven, and said with reverence and love, "Our Father!" And they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another *brothers!*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Never, perhaps, in any period of the world's history," says a cotemporary of Scott, "did literary talent receive a homage so universal as that of Scott. His reputation was co-extensive, not only with the English language, but with the boundaries of civilization. In one year, too, his literary productions yielded him £15,000. The king conferred on him a baronetcy, and wherever he appeared, at home or abroad, he was the lion of the day. All the good things of life were his. His mansion at Abbotsford realized the highest conceptions of a poet's imagination, and 'seemed like a poem in stone.' His company was of the most honorable of the land, and his domestic enjoyments all that his heart could desire. Yet he was not happy. Ambitious to found a family, he got into debt, and in his old age he was a ruined man. When about to leave Abbotsford for the last time, he said, 'When I think on what this place now is, with what it was not long ago, I feel as if my heart would break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family, I am an impoverished and an embarrassed man.' At another time he writes, 'Death has closed the avenue of love and friendship. I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place filled with monuments of those who once were dear to me, and with no other wish than that it may open for me at no distant period.' And again, 'Some new object of complaint comes every moment. Sicknesses come thicker and thicker; friends are fewer and fewer. The recollection of youth, health, and powers of activity neither improved or enjoyed, is a poor ground of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at length, and close all.' And the long halt did arrive.

"Not long before he died, Sir Walter Scott requested his daughter to wheel him to his desk. She then put a pen into his hand, but his fingers refused to do their office. Silent tears rolled down his cheeks. 'Take me back to my room,' he said; 'there is no rest for Sir Walter but in his grave.' A few days after this he died, realizing, in reference to all his fame, honor, and renown, the truth of Solomon, 'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'"
—*Rev. J. H. Wilson.*

Under the Rose.—A floating paragraph explains the origin of this expression. The term "under the rose" implies secrecy, and had its origin during the year B. C. 477, at which time Pausanius, the commander of the confederate fleet, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes for the marriage of his daughter and the subjugation of Greece to the Medean rule. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured *under the rose.* It was discovered, however, by a slave, and as the sanctity of the place forbade the Athenians to force Pausanius out, or kill him there, they finally walled him in, and left him to die of starvation. It finally grew to be a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another a secret which they wished to be kept inviolate. Hence the saying, *sub rosa,* among them, and now among almost all Christian nations.

Never Sulk.—Better draw the cork of your indignation, and let it foam and fume, than to wire it down to turn sour and acrid within you. Sulks affect the liver, and are still worse for the heart and the soul. Wrath driven in is as dangerous to the moral health as suppressed small-pox to the animal system. Dissipate it by reflecting on the mildness, humility, and serenity of better men than yourself, suffering under greater wrongs than you have ever been called upon to bear. And, whatever you do, don't sulk!

Agricultural.

CLEANLY PIGS.

We have been told of a gentleman who keeps only a few pigs for his own use, and has a double sty for them, by which means he is enabled to keep them exceedingly clean and sweet. Every morning the pigs are changed from one into the other, so that each sty remains unoccupied for four-and-twenty hours, during which time it is thoroughly cleaned out, and of course becomes well aired, and free from all unpleasant smell. And well do we remember the pleasure with which we used to view the pigs and styes of an old friend of ours now no more. A door leading out of his beautiful flower-garden brought us to those equally well-tended objects of his pride. The styes are always kept whitened on the inside; the sloping floor carried off all moisture to a deep gutter running between the sty and the square-paved yard, each of which inclined towards it; a trough ever stood with water clear as a crystal for them to drink, and the animals themselves were, by washing, currycombing, and perfect cleanliness about them, as neat and sleek as a lady's lap-dog. They were, in fact, pet pigs. Nor are we without pleasurable reminiscences of delicate spare ribs, loins, and legs of pork, and delicious sucking-pigs.

Washings, combings, and brushings, are valuable adjuncts in the treatment of swine; the energies of the skin are thus roused and the pores opened, consequently the healthful functions are aided, and that inertness so likely to be engendered by the lazy life of a fattening pig counteracted. We cannot close this chapter without quoting the following account of the mode of keeping pigs in Mexico:

"Fine breeds of these useful animals are kept by many persons of wealth, as an article of trade in the city of Mexico; and the care and attention paid to their cleanliness and comfort so far exceed anything I have seen elsewhere, that a short account may be useful by furnishing hints to our farmers, brewers, distillers, &c., by whom large numbers of these valuable animals could be and are conveniently kept. The premises where the business is carried on are extensive, consisting in general of good dwelling-houses, with a shop, slaughter-house, and places for singeing the pigs, large bowls for rendering the lard, salting and drying-rooms, and lard-rooms, with wooden bins for containing the rendered fat, which is an article of great consumption in Spanish cookery, being used as a substitute for butter. There is also a soap manufactory, in which the offal fat is manufactured, and apartments where the blood is made into a kind of black-pudding, and sold to the poor. Behind all these are the styes for the hogs, generally from eight hundred to one thousand in number, which occupy a considerable range of well-built sheds about thirty feet deep, with roofs descending very low and having the entrance through low arches, before which is an open space the whole length of the yard, and about twenty-four feet wide, in the centre of which is a kind of aqueduct built of stone, and filled with clear water from a well at the end of the premises. The hogs can only put their noses into this water through holes in the wall, which prevents their dirtying it, as it passes through the whole division of the yard. This is the only liquid given them, and their food is maize or Indian corn, slightly moistened, and scattered at stated hours on the ground, which in the yard, as well as the place where they sleep, is kept perfectly dry and clean. They are attended by Indians with every possible care. There is a cold bath on the premises, which they are obliged frequently to use, as cleanliness is considered essential to their acquiring that enormous load of fat from which the principal profit is derived. Their ease and comfort seem also in every respect to be studiously attended to; and the occupation of two Indian lads will cause a smile on the countenances of my musical readers, when they are informed that they are employed from morning till night in settling any disputes or little bickerings that may arise among the happy inhabitants of this community, either in respect to rank or condition, and in singing them to sleep. The boys are chosen for the strength of their lungs, and their taste and judgment in delighting the ears and lulling the senses of this amiable harmonic society; they succeed each other in chanting during the whole day, to the great delight and gratification of their bristly audience, who seem fully to appreciate the merit of the performers."

BOGUS ADVICE.

We see the following paragraph going the rounds of the country press, which we copy to denounce:—

"*Grape Vines—A Hint to be Remembered.*—The grape is a great feeder. Many people wonder why their vines do not bear. It is simply because they are not fed. Give them an immense top dressing of stable manure, spreading over all the ground where the roots run, remembering that they run a great distance. Then in the spring prune closely."

Our own experience in grape-culture, and we believe it is the experience of nearly all other *practical* growers, is that the *reverse* of the above advice is the true mode! As a rule we consider the productiveness of grapes sadly interfered with by "immense top-dressing of stable manure," or any other manure. "In the spring prune closely." What stuff! Who would know *how* to prune from this? We have seen frequently some of this "close pruning"—some of it the past season—and we felt like cuffing the ignoramuses who did it.

The whole of this "Hint to be Remembered," is worse than bosh. It is mischievous. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

Suying Horses.—L. A. D., in the Scientific American, says that a horseman should never "shy" himself, when his horse shies, or show the least nervousness, nor notice it in their horses, and far less to punish them for it, and adds:

"Allow me, having had a great deal of experience in managing horses, to add another bit of advice to nervous horsemen. Whenever they notice their horse directing his ears to any point whatever, or indicating the slightest disposition to become afraid, let them, instead of pulling the rein to bring the horse towards the object causing its nervousness, pull it on the other side. This will instantly divert the attention of the horse from the object which is exciting his suspicion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will pay no more attention to the object from which he will fly away if forcibly driven to it by pulling the wrong rein."

Useful Receipts.

To Mend Crockery Ware.—One of the strongest cements and easiest applied for this purpose is lime and the white of an egg. To use it take a sufficient quantity of the egg to mend one article at a time, shave off a small quantity of lime and mix thoroughly. Apply quickly to the edges and place firmly together, when it will very soon become set and strong. You will mix but a small quantity at once, as it hardens very soon so it cannot be used. Calcined plaster of Paris would answer the same purpose.

To Polish Glass.—Cut some brown paper into very small bits, so as to go with ease into the decanters; then cut a few pieces of soap very small, and put some water, milk warm, into the decanters, upon the soap and paper; put in also a little pearlash; by well working this about in the decanter, it will take off the rust of the wine, and give the glass a fine polish.

Delicious Toasted Cheese.—Cut two ounces of cheese in thin slices, put it into a saucepan, set on the fire, and add one gill of fresh milk; simmer it till the cheese is quite dissolved, then take it from the fire, and pour into a shallow dish; when cooled a little, add the yolk of an egg well beaten. Then place it before the fire, and brown it nicely.

Corn Meal Pudding.—To seven heaping tablespoonsful of Indian meal, add one cup of molasses, a little salt and butter. Stir all well together, and just as it goes into the hot oven, put in a cupful of cold water or milk. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 67 letters.

My 12, 47, 34, 66, 55, 63, 8, is one of the 49, 17, 17, 37, 28, 4, 65, 1, 10, 68, 20, 30.

My 16, 35, 52, 44, 48, is a numeral adverb.

My 11, 2, 40, is one of the 55, 9, 63, 12, 27, 7, 2, 58.

My 14, 15, 30, 50, is a part of 58, 21, 35, 5, 6, 38.

My 29, 49, 56, 33, and my 29, 35, 31, 32, are months.

My 65, 53, 41, 42, 18, is half of 33, 13, 49, 52, 63, 46, 45, 23.

My 55, 26, 19, is a conjunction.

My 51, 61, 60, 12, 31, is a 59, 41, 66, 7 spirit.

My 54, 46, 8, 23, is what a person is said to be when he cannot 38, 40, 8, 52.

My 67 and 57 are numeral letters.

My 26, 10, 64, is an obsolete negative adverb.

My whole was one of the sublimest transactions which history records.

G. M. TUCKER.

CHARADE.

The stout old Baron sat in his [illegible]
At the head of his steaming board,
A Red-cross Knight sat on his right,
And on his left a lord.

The Baron stood up, "What ho! brave sirs,
Here's 'The fairest of the fair!'
It's a toast no Knight will refuse to drink!"
And he sat down again in his chair.

The toast was drank, then the Red-cross Knight
He got up and stood on his feet,
"Sir Baron," quoth he, "we've drank the toast,
As it was both right and meet.

"We doubt not the lady is passing fair,—
Yea, brighter than morning dew,
But still we would fain that you told her name,
If it's all the same to you."

"Sir Knight," quoth the Baron, "your words are just:
Take what is now under your toes;
And then what you look on to tell the time
(Which you carefully must transpose).

"Now join these two, and read them through,
Using the commonest care,
And the word they will spell is—'What's his name?'
The fairest of the fair."

O. GUYON.

CHARADE.

My first the men will sometimes take,
Entirely for my second's sake,
My whole they vainly all declare
Is more than mortal man can bear.

DOUBLE REBUS.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A very patient man.
A girl's name.
Unnecessary disturbance.
An adjective which means delicate or nice.
A kind of waterfowl.
An article.
An adjective meaning base.
Another girl's name.
A kind of stocking.

The initials form the popular name of a man who is just now attracting a good deal of attention, and the finals, what he is and deserves to be called.

G. M. TUCKER.

TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Supposing there is a piece of land in the shape of a right-angled triangle, whose longer right-angled side is 88 perches more than the shorter right-angled side, and the difference in the squares of these two mentioned sides is 53,504. What are the respective lengths of each of its three sides? and what is the area of the tract?

AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

C leaves the town of E at 10 o'clock in the morning, to go to the town of F, and walks at the rate of 2 miles an hour, without intermission. D sets out from F to reach E at 6 o'clock in the evening of the same day, and rides three miles an hour constantly. At what distance from both towns will these two persons meet, provided the two places are 130 miles apart?—*Old Book.*

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why does L embrace so [illegible] that it occupies half of a whole district? Because it is half a hundred.

☞ "What is it that sticketh closer than a brother?" said a Sunday-school teacher to one of his class. Ans.—"A post office stamp—by gum," said the young incorrigible.

☞ Why are ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Ans.—Because they steel the petticoat, bone the stays, and crib the babies. Yes, and hook the eyes, too.

☞ Why is the allowance of a spendthrift son like tincture of laudanum? Ans.—Because it is squeezed out of the *poppy.*

☞ Why should a woman look best when she's completely tired? Ans.—Because she's handsomely tuckered out.

☞ Why does a person who is poorly lose the sense of touch? Ans.—Because he don't *feel well.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Bank of Pennsylvania. DOUBLE REBUS.—Florence Nightingale.—Flit on, cheering angel. (Fief, Level, Oh, If Rot, Eryngo, Nun, Cat-lac, Eh! Nile, Ire, Greer, Houri, Ten, Informing, Nora, Gun, Acquitting, See, Eh.) CHARADE.—Hamlet. CHARADE.—Endless. RIDDLE.—A Key.

Answer to RHOMBOIDICAL PROBLEM by Augustus, published last July.—Lines A, 252 perches; B, C, 180 perches; C, D, 308 perches; and D, A, 180 perches.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.